There are

J.B. *Masterfront* CORSETS

for every type of figure and every occasion—but for reducing, wear the new

Rubber Figure Reducer

Made of Silk and Rubber incorporating many exclusive improvements.

THE slim, boyish outline demanded by Dame Fashion to-day can be obtained by means of the new J. B. Rubber Figure Reducer. It is designed to support the figure healthfully, and to mould it to the fashionable lines of youthful slimness. It reduces safely, too, because it is lined with beautiful Pink silk milanese on both sides, and no rubber touches the skin. Perfectly hygienic and extremely comfortable in wear. Frocks drape more smartly when worn over the new J. B. Rubber Figure Reducer.

Illustration showing
MODEL 2703, Silk Covered.
MODEL 2303, Cotton Covered.

PRICES.

2701. Silk Covered, Busk and Back Laced .. .. ..
2702. Silk Covered, Wrap-round.. .. .. .. 42/-
2703. Cotton Covered, Busk and Laced Back .. ..
23[illegible]2. Cotton Covered, Wrap-round.. .. .. ..
2303. Cotton Covered, Step-in, Laced Back . ..

BRASSIERES.
1712. Deep Brassière, fastens down the side, silk covered 25/-
1425. Deep Brassière, fastens down the side, Cotton Covered 21/-

DIAPHRAGM BELTS.
[illegible]overed Pair 14/11

[illegible]INAIRE.
[illegible] fastens Pair 63/-

SPECIALLY [illegible] *NG*
DRAPP[illegible] 104

THE "BRASSEY."

ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their **superfine quality** Felt. Absolutely waterproof, very light in weight, the brim will withstand the wind and roll up for the pocket. A very distinctive hat, it is quite different from anything yet designed, with the new pleated back and wing brim, which being patented (No. 218580) cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sizes 6½ to 7½. In Black, Castor, Tabac, Tan, Cuba, Beaver, Nigger, Light Grey, Carbon, White, Cinnamon, New Saxe, Mignonette Green, Mauve, Navy, Rust, Champagne, Light Purple and Bright Chestnut. Price **37/6**

"PATENT No. 218580." Proceedings will be taken at once against anyone infringing this patent.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

"All works of taste must bear a price [illegible] tion to the skill, taste, time, expense [illegible] attending their invention and man[illegible] Those things called dear are, wh[illegible] estimated, the cheapest. Beautiful [illegible] compositions are not made by chanc[illegible] they ever, in any material, be made [illegible] expense." —JOHN RUS[illegible]

Because there is an ever-growing appreciati[illegible] for beautiful shoes—beautiful in taste—sty[illegible] and workmanship, Excelsior shoes will alwa[illegible] be made in the rarest materials and with th[illegible] most infinite care in manufacture, thus meriting the continued patronage of those who demand footwear of unusual quality, style and beauty.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Jo[illegible] to Wear.

Excelsior
MODEL 4322
In Brown Lizard, Bench made [illegible] Leather heel.

If you experien[illegible] plea[illegible] write [illegible] G. F. HUTCH[illegible]

[illegible]elsior Shoes [illegible] makers, [illegible]

By Appointment.

Woodrow
LTD.

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both plain and pleated, can be cleaned quickly and economically by our improved processes. In addition to cleaning, and removing all spots and stains (by separate processes), we press and reshape each garment by hand, and this work is entrusted only to skilful and carefully trained operators. In our little book, "Milady's Dress," sent free on request, our service is described in detail, and the list of prices it contains shows how moderate are our charges. We collect and deliver within three miles of any of our Branches or pay carriage one way on orders sent direct.

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Branches

REDUCTIONS · IN · PRICES

BIGGER VALUE
THAN EVER
QUALITY REMAINS

ORDER YOUR CALTHORPE NOW IN TIME FOR EASTER

WITH the advent of Spring comes the news that the prices of Calthorpe Cars are considerably reduced, made possible only by bigger demand and increased production. Specification, quality of workmanship and generosity of equipment remain the same. Better value it is impossible to find.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES

10-20 h.p. Two Seater reduced to - - - £200
10-20 h.p. Four Seater reduced to - - - £215
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15-45 h.p. Six Cylinder Four Seater - - £395

¶ 1925 Calthorpe Cars are entirely different from their predecessors in design, construction and equipment. The 12-20 h.p. Models have a four-speed gear box, and Easting rear screen to four seater. All Models have right-hand change and magneto ignition. Dunlop Balloon Tyres fitted as standard.

BETTER VALUE DOES NOT EXIST

Write for Catalogue and name of Agent, who will be pleased to give you a trial run.

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YOU CAN CLIMB IT ON A

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There is a full range of Models from £200

London
Messrs. M
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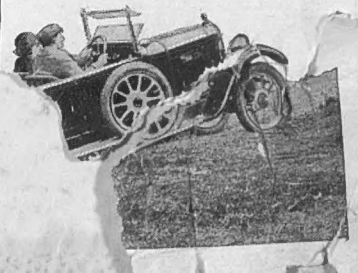
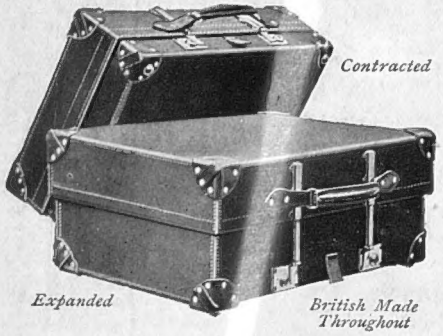


The Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case
solves all packing troubles



WHETHER you are going away for a week-end, a week or a month, there is always a "fly in the ointment." It is packing! Unless . . . yes, unless . . . you are the proud possessor of a REVELATION RIGID EXPANDING SUIT CASE.

The "Revelation" solves all packing troubles. It expands. It contracts. It grows with your needs.

Yet it is Always Rigid!

One "Revelation" will do the work of three ordinary Suit Cases. Ample space for the outward journey, and still a reserve of space for the return. It is the last word in the evolution of luggage. The very last word!

There are not only Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Cases, but Revelation Attaché Cases, Revelation Trunks, Revelation luggage for all purposes, in Leather, Canvas and Light Vulcanised Fibre, at prices to suit every purse, each expanding and contracting, and all equally efficient.

We extend to you a cordial invitation to visit either our London or Leeds Showrooms. If unable to call we will gladly send you our descriptive Booklet "B" on mentioning this paper, together with the name of nearest Agent.

The Revelation Rigid EXPANDING SUITCASE CO. LTD.

169, PICCADILLY (facing Bond St.) LONDON, W.1.

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Living Beauty is the achievement of the treatments of Phyllis Earle. It is the achievement of science that Beauty may endure.

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GOWN

FOR PETITE FIGURES

Dept.—Second Floor.

GOWN for the petite figure, in rich quality Silk Marocain on a lining of Jap silk, with inserted front prettily hemstitched, and finished groups of buttons. The slightly low waist is held by a band across back only, while the front falls into an overskirt of box pleats which are lined on the under side with marocain to tone or in contrasting shade.

In Havana, Camel, Almond, Lilac, Brown, Sand, Mole, Navy, Black, Red, Black/White and Ivory/Lemon. PRICE **8½ Gns**

A Smart SHOE

Best quality Patent Court Shoe, with Louis XV heel **35/9**

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THE WELL-KNOWN HOUSE for UNIFORMS

CAPS, APRONS, DRESSES, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

FOR WAITRESSES PARLOUR-MAIDS, HOUSE-MAIDS, Etc.

Illustrated Catalogue containing over 40 Illustrations of Maids' Uniforms — Post Free.

The 'PAIGNTON"

48/6

A charming Maids' or Waitresses' Dress of Alpaca, with low waist. Trimmed with smoked pearl buttons and silk corded ribbon and piped at the waist. The skirt has a box pleat. The slots shown in the back view enable the apron strings to be threaded through keeping apron in place. Colours: black, grey, navy, saxe, brown, tabac and any other colour desired. Sizes: Small Women's and Women's. Outsize, 6/-.

PRESS OPINION.

The "Bystander" says:—"Far more attention is paid nowadays to the correct garbing of Maids, and directly the door is opened by some neat-handed Phyllis, one gets the index at once of a well-ordered establishment. A definite colour scheme is usually carried throughout the household, completed by dainty Lingerie Aprons and Caps. And right in the forefront as specialists on the subject come Garrould's, of Edgware Road. Here there is a choice of most prolific character, and, moreover, at prices that compare more than favourably with the other houses. Selling the vast quantities they do, this firm can afford to do so at lower rates, while maintaining at the same time a very high standard of quality."

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Take
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THE LAXATIVE FRUIT LOZENGE for
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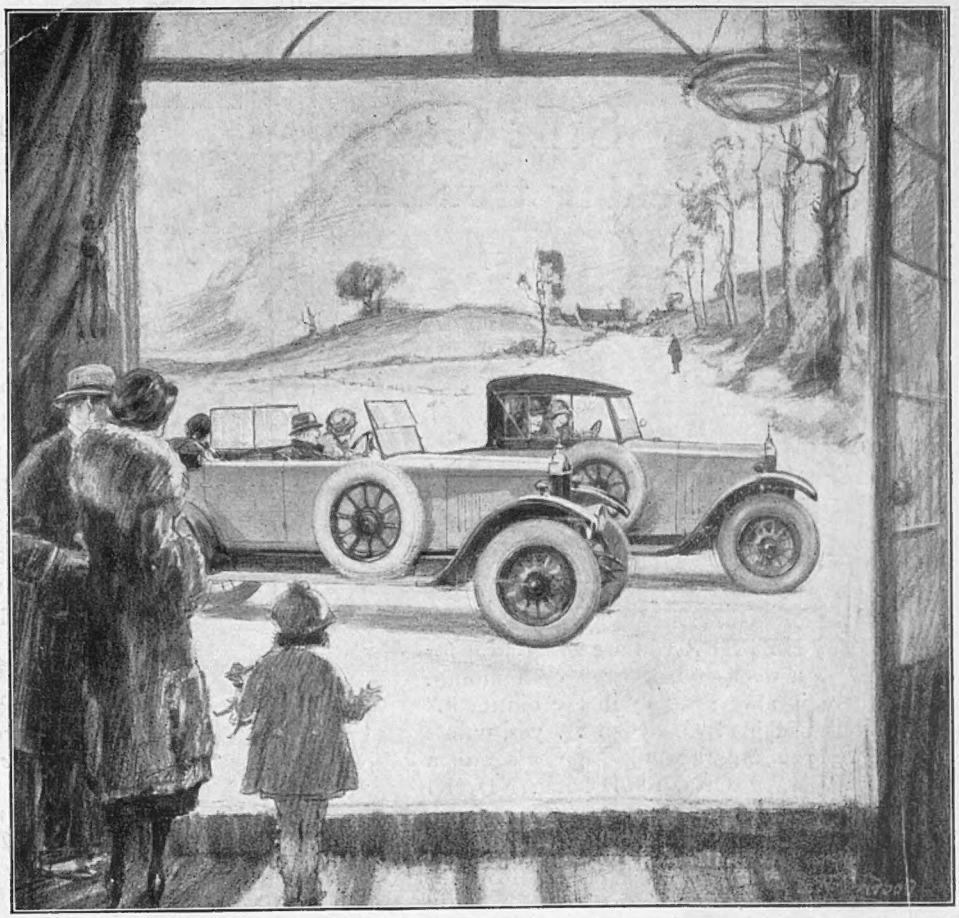

The Open Road is our Showroom

OUT on the open road, filled—but not crowded—with its quartet of jolly motorists, that's when you see the "Standard" at its best. Away from the glitter of electric lights and the sheen of plate glass, it keeps its attractiveness as too few cars do. For the beauty of the "Standard" goes deeper than lovingly polished panels; it is reflected in its extra power, extra roominess, extra comforts and economical running. The "Standard" is designed for the family man who drives his own car, and no other meets his needs so well. It seats 4 or 5 and can be made stormproof in 2 minutes.

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"Kineton" 4-Seater, £200
"Canley" 2-Seater, £235
"Kenilworth" 4-Seater, £235
"Piccadilly" Saloon, £275

Dunlop Balloon or Cord Tyres.

The All British
Standard
11 h.p. & 14 h.p.

Send for particulars.
The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

14 h.p. MODELS:
"Leamington" 2-Seater, £345
"Leamington" 2-Seater Special, £385
"Warwick" 5-Seater, £345
"Warwick" 5-Seater Special, £385
"Portland" Saloon, £375
"Pall Mall" Saloon, £475

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HIGHEST GRADE
TURKISH CIGARETTES
BLENDED AND MADE OF THE EXQUISITE MACEDONIAN LEAF BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Size 3 in decorated Tins of
100 for 9/11, 50 for 5/1, & 25 for 2/6

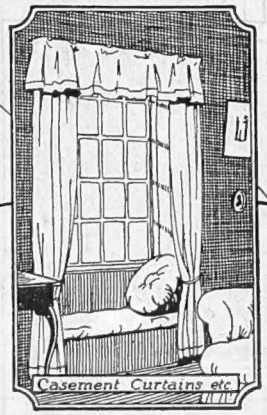
Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

272

WELCOME ALWAYS—KEEP IT HAND

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY
BRANDY

THE LIQUEUR WHICH GIVES A ZEST TO LI



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Colour Permanence Absolute

WHETHER your home is cheerful or dull depends on the curtains and general furnishings and the material and colour schemes chosen. "SOLPRUFE" provides colour-fast cotton fabrics in a variety of delightful shades that not only makes the home beautiful but *keeps* the home beautiful. It is also eminently suitable for Frocks, Overalls and Children's Garments, being unaffected by repeated washing or exposure to the sun—the colour lasting as long as the fabric.

OBTAINABLE FROM Leading FURNISHERS, & DRAPERY STORES.

GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS TO WITHSTAND Solprufe THE WASHING OF THE BRADFORD DYERS' ASSOCIATION

In case of difficulty write to THE BRADFORD DYERS' ASSOCIATION, Ltd., Manchester, Bradford, London.

BECOMING
LACE ALPACA
THREE-PIECE
SUIT

LACE ALPACA THREE-PIECE SUIT (as sketch) made from superior quality yarn, light in weight, specially designed for tennis wear; the polo jumper has the ribbed collar fitting perfectly to the neck. In beautiful colourings.

POLO JUMPER, price **73/6**
SHIRT .. .. „ **73/6**
CARDIGAN .. „ **55/6**

PATENT 2-BUTTON BAR SHOE (as sketch) with tan glacé insertion, Louis XV heel.
20/- per pair.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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PETTICOAT
KNICKERS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Petticoat Knickers in reliable quality silk materials, in the newest styles and colourings. They are particularly suitable for the present-day fashion, and are of exceptional value.

PETTICOAT KNICKER (as sketch), in good wearing Crêpe de Chine, daintily finished buttonhole silk scalloping. In Black, Ivory, shades of Sand, Tan, Pink, Cyclamen, Peach and other attractive colours. Lengths from side, 22 to 26 ins.

PRICE **25/9**

LISLE THREAD AND RAYON HOSE (as sketch), in a new fancy diamond design. In Grey/White, Flesh/White, and Sunburn/White.
Price **5/11** per pair.

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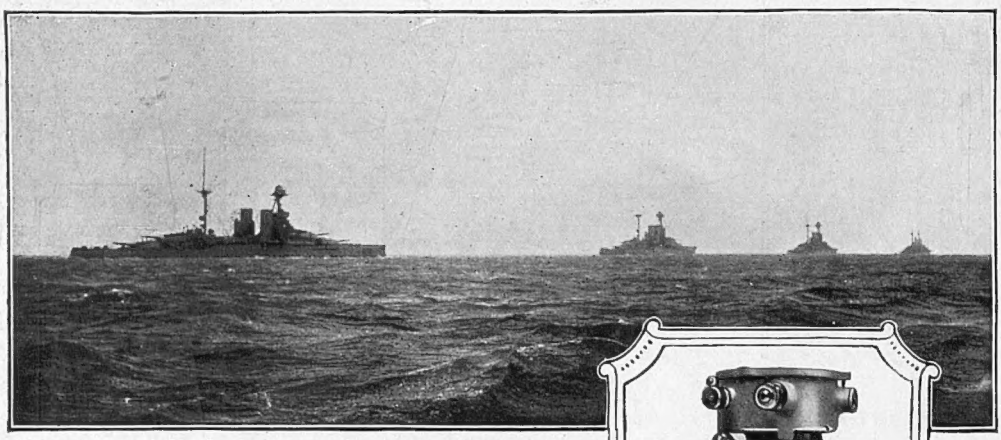
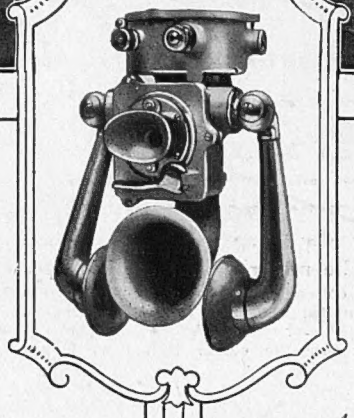
(Cavendish Square) London W.1

BRITISH WAR FLEET



BRITISH WAR FLEET

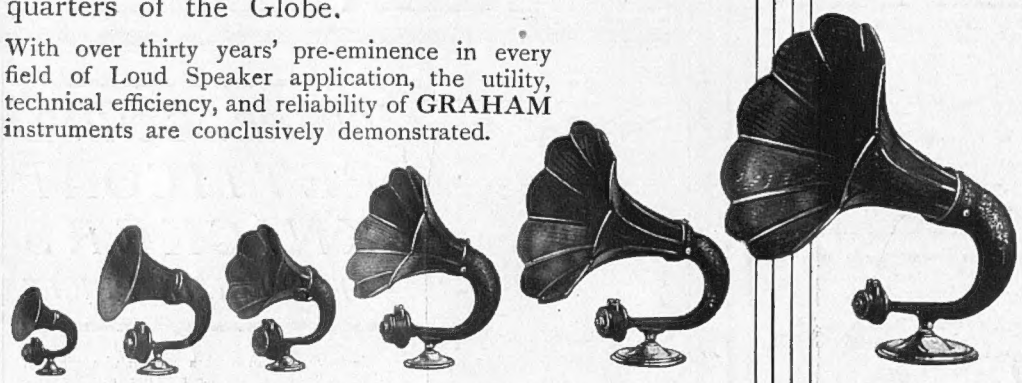
On Land and Sea



Loud Speaking Telephone Apparatus manufactured by THE HOUSE OF GRAHAM is used throughout the British Navy and adopted by many Foreign Governments, as also by leading Shipping Companies in all quarters of the Globe.

A typical Graham Loud Speaking Naval Telephone as fitted on board Ships of the Royal Navy.

With over thirty years' pre-eminence in every field of Loud Speaker application, the utility, technical efficiency, and reliability of GRAHAM instruments are conclusively demonstrated.



Just as the most exacting requirements of Naval and Maritime experts have been adequately met by production to meticulously accurate standards, so the present-day needs of Radio reception have been fully satisfied in the evolution of the AMPLION Loud Speaker.

Obtainable from AMPLION STOCKISTS and Wireless Dealers everywhere.

A Product of The House of Graham

Many patented and therefore exclusive features contribute to the superlative qualities of the AMPLION, recognised as the World's Standard Wireless Loud Speaker, and acknowledged as synonymous with "Better Radio Reproduction."

AMPLION

ALFRED GRAHAM & CO. (E. A. GRAHAM),
St Andrew's Works, Crofton Park, London, S.E.4

Demonstrations given during broadcasting hours at:—
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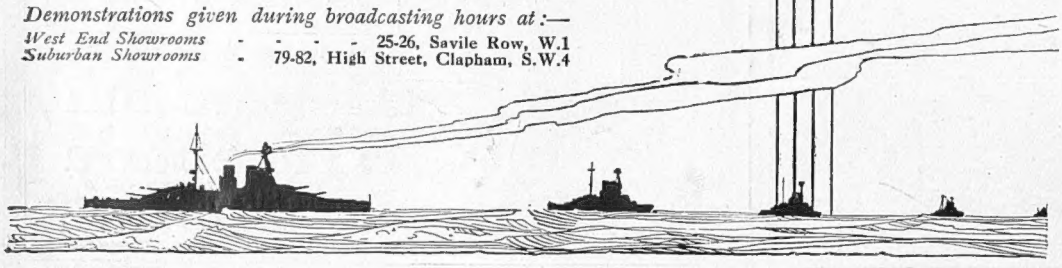
Suburban Showrooms - 79-82, High Street, Clapham, S.W.4



A tawny port or a vintage one?

"Opinions differ," says The Lancet, "as to the merits of tawny Ports and vintage Ports. Certainly the former are dietetically more satisfactory and may be recommended medically."

But if all tawny ports were as good as Commendador, as light, as delicate, as exquisite in flavour and bouquet, opinions of connoisseur and medico would never differ at all.

You can now obtain this famous old wine from any wine merchant at 108/- a dozen.

Commendador Port

MATURED IN WOOD FOR MANY YEARS.

If you would like a trial half-bottle, send 4/9 to your wine merchant, or to the Sole Agents below, with your wine merchant's name.

Shipped by Feuerheerd, Oporto. Sole Agents and Consignees, John Allnatt & Co., Ltd., 6, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

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MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

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MACKIE'S SCOTCH OATCAKES

THESE OATCAKES are made from the finest Midlothian Oatmeal by methods of our own.

OATMEAL has always been regarded as one of the most wholesome and nourishing of our "Foods," and Midlothian as the place where the finest Oats in the world are grown.

MACKIE'S OATCAKES for flavour and digestibility are unique, and are a valuable and delightful addition to the table.

In Tins . . 1/4, 2/-, and 2/10 each
Postage . . 6d., 9d., and 9d.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh

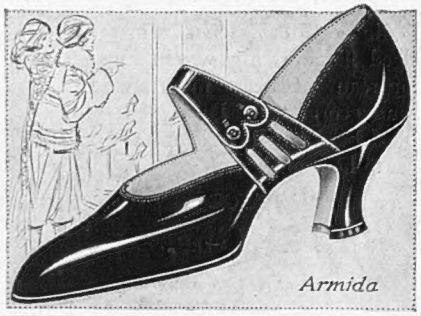
High Life Shoe Styles

SOME people believe that the smartest shoes cannot be bought under three guineas. A visit to a High Life Store will prove that the most stylish shoes can be bought for about thirty shillings a pair, without losing anything in quality or smartness.

ARMIDA

Broad bar shoe. In Patent Colt, All Black Suede, Gold Brocade with Gold Kid Bar and Silver Brocade with Silver Kid Bar. In half sizes from 2 to 8 and 3, 4 and 5 fittings.

30/-



EURIDICE

Smart Model in Patent Colt with Cinnamon Glace Kid Edging and Underlay. Fancy buckle and full Louis Heel. In half sizes from 2 to 8 and 3, 4 and 5 fittings.

30/-

59259

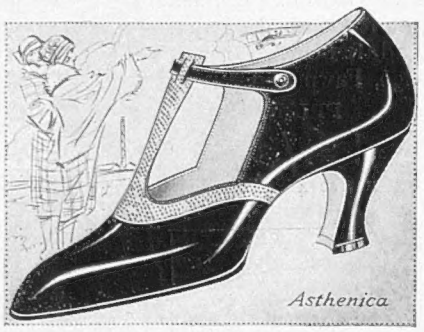
One-bar shoe in Patent Colt with Fawn Glace facings and full Louis Heel. Also in Tobacco or Light Tan Glace Kid with Cinnamon facings; and Champagne Glace Kid with Light Tan facings. Half sizes from 2 to 8 and 3, 4 and 5 fittings.

30/-

ASTHENICA

In Patent Colt with Grey Lizard Collar and centre strap. Also in Light Grey Suede with Grey Lizard collar and centre strap and Fawn Suede with Fawn Lizard collar and centre strap. Half sizes from 2 to 8 and 3, 4 and 5 fittings.

30/-



High Life Shoe Co

146/148 and 368/370, OXFORD STREET, W.1
1, RUPERT STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1
and 14 GREEN STREET, LEICESTER SQ., W.C.1
also at
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Rain-proof Felts

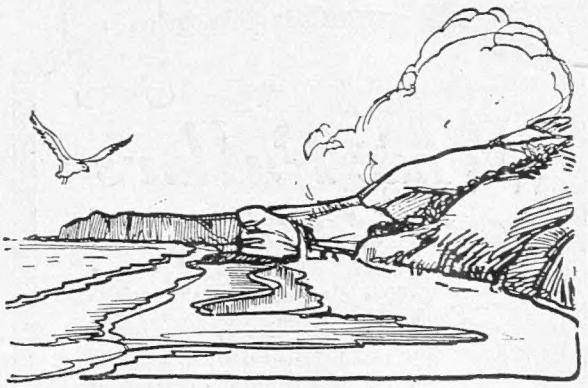
An example of Harrods new well-blocked folding Felts; useful for sports and general 'Tailored' wear. In Tokio, Oak, Basil, Filbert, Ash, Pheasant, Deep Red, Blue, Navy, Black and White. Sizes 6¾, 6⅞, 7 and 7⅛. **25/9**

Ask for the 'New Impermeable.'

Harrods

Harrods New Millinery Salon: First Floor.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW 1



THE CAMBRIAN COAST

THE Cambrian Coast Resorts offer unique attractions both for Holidays and permanent or temporary residence. The scenery in every direction is exquisite; the climate is mild; and opportunities for outdoor recreation and sport abound.

Ocean climates are the best; mountain climates rank next. Both are to be enjoyed on the Cambrian Coast where hill walks are never far from the sea.

G.W.R. HOLIDAY HAUNTS GUIDE

for 1925 (price 6d.), also train service and fare information can be obtained at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

G.W.R., Paddington Station FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager*

Tweed Sports Suit

From Harrods New Collection

Specially designed for the golfer, in an attractive range of colourings. Sleeves are made to give absolute freedom of movement without spoiling the 'hang' of the coat. Wrap skirt. Sizes W. and O.S.

11½ Gns

Ask for the 'Links'

Harrods

KNIGHTSBRIDGE
LONDON
SW 1

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Although the tunic style has now been fashionable for some little time, its popularity and attractiveness have in no way decreased. You can see many new variations in the Gooch Salons. Priced moderately, of course.

"HORTENSIA"

Tunic gown of black silk marocain edged flame richly woven in gold. Fourreau of black marocain and flame georgette. Dull gold galon edged bead fringe falls from under arm to hem of skirt.

PRICE

12½ Gns.

Cannot be sent on approval.

Write for our new post free Spring Catalogue

GOOCHS Ltd

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Buses Nos. 96, 30 & 14 to door.

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P.8

ORIGINAL
CREPE DE CHINE
OVERBLOUSE

ATTRACTIVE OVER-BLOUSE (as sketch), made in reliable quality crepe de Chine, the long loose stole is finished tucks and small pearl buttons, pockets and cuffs trimmed to correspond. In Ivory, Sandalwood, Onion, Beige, Fawn and Black.

PRICE

29/6

Outsize 4/- extra.

PATENT COURT SHOE, Louis XV heel, with black suede fancy collar (as sketch), also in tan willow calf with glace kid collar to tone. **20/-** per pair.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

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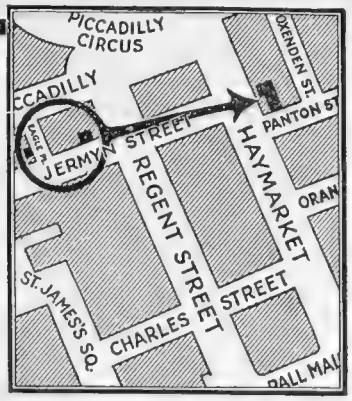

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T. M. LEWIN, of 18, Jermyn Street, London, and "Club Colour" Branch, 11, Eagle Place, owing to the growth of business at the above establishments, has been compelled to remove to larger premises in Panton Street, Haymarket—2 mins. from Jermyn Street.

T. M. LEWIN will move from 11, Eagle Place on 25th March, and from 18, Jermyn Street early in April.

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Hat to match as sketch.
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Ladies figured Shantung Petticoat with fine crystal pleated frill. In attractive colourings, putty, cinnamon, grey, brown, and black.
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SIDE SADDLE of irreproachable cut and finish. Coat, skirt and breeches of Covert Coating, breeches strapped with leather.

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Girls' sizes from ... **10 gns**

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The Bystander, April 1, 1925

No. 1113. Vol. LXXXVI.

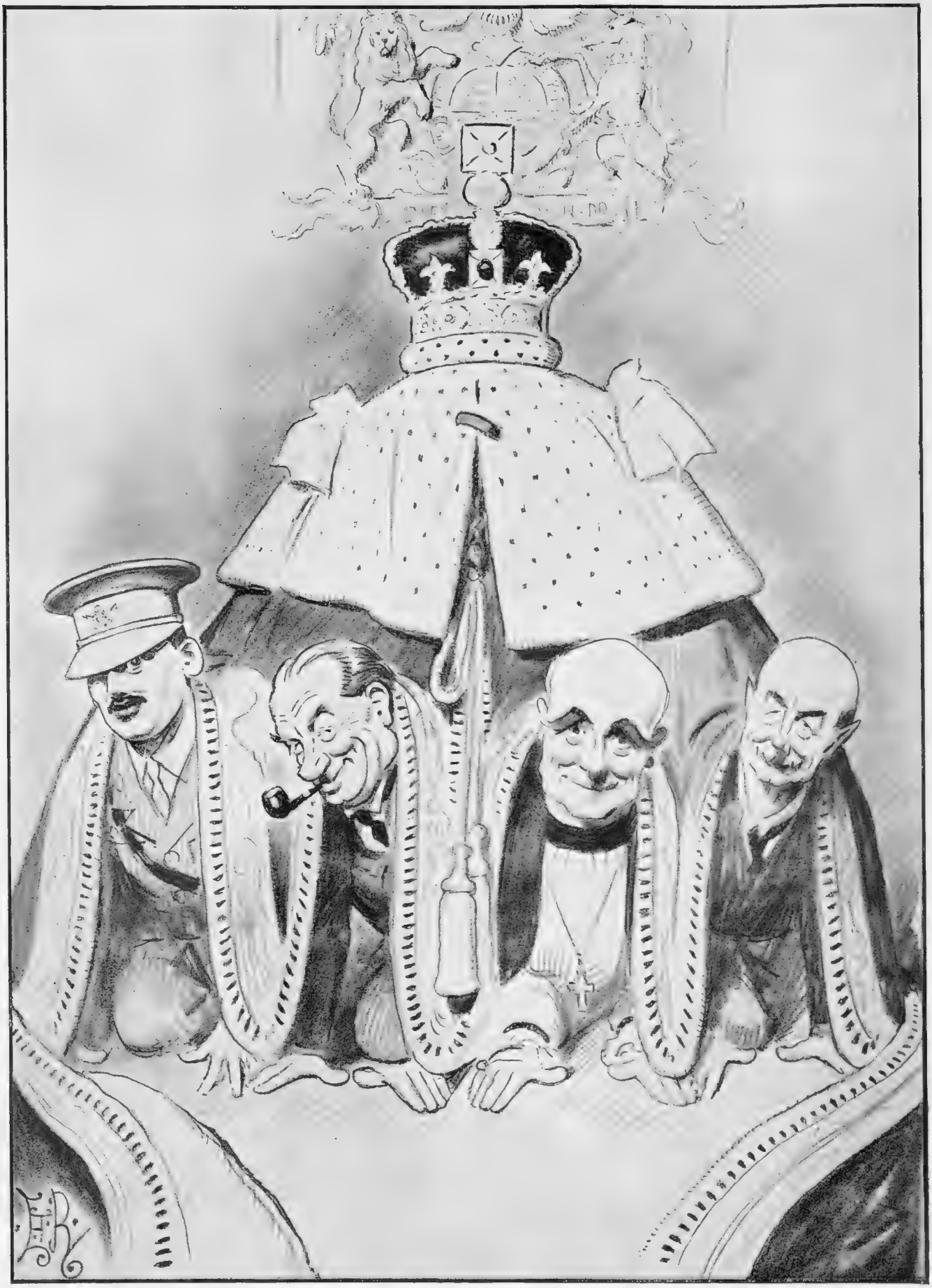
The BYSTANDER

Central News

BON VOYAGE

A new photograph of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales who started from Portsmouth on his voyage to South Africa and the Argentine in H.M.S. Repulse last Saturday

The Throne in Commission

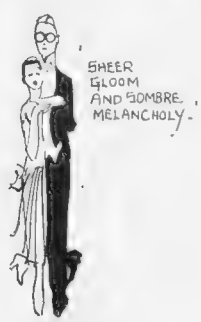


BY E. T. REED

THE ROYAL FOUR (*in unison*) : "His Majesty's away, but if there's anything you want—WE'RE HERE!"

(With loyal and sincere good wishes for His Majesty's holiday and for his complete restoration to health)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



A Big Push

THERE has been a certain "liveliness" in and around Burlington House, the official temple of British art, during the past week-end. Starting with miniatures and water-colours, and concluding yesterday with sculpture, the big push is now complete, and all that is left to embryo R.A.'s in St. John's Wood and Chelsea, is to sit and hope.

The New Bohemians

MINGLING with the more youthful optimists who attended the sending-in ceremony in person, I was struck by the change that has come over the art world during the past decade. A friend of mine, long resident in the French capital, wrote me yesterday: "There's mighty little Bohemianism in Paris at the moment, though London Editors insist on Paris correspondents providing it." As with Paris, so with London—the old rakish, raffish Bohemianism of our youth is dead, and a newer if not better Bohemianism has taken its place.

A Natural Reaction

VERY little drinking is done in this new Bohemia. The day of the dirty collar and unshaven chin has passed, and the urgent appeals to members of Bohemian clubs to eschew the boiled shirt pass unregarded. A few members of the old unregenerate school still linger, but they are looked at askance by the young men, and the work they do is negligible. It is not a case of snobbishness nor the influence of the monied amateur, as some would have us believe, but merely a natural reaction against dirt and drunkenness.

Monied Amateurs

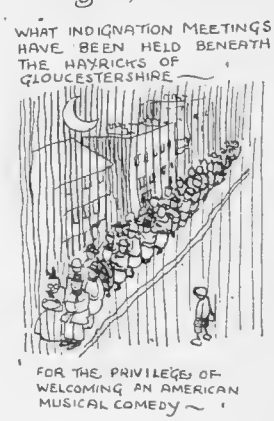
TALKING of monied amateurs, a tramp found sleeping in a railway carriage at Ayr had £155 in his possession. Picture to yourself the indignation of the genuine hobo at such a disclosure. What indignation meetings have been held beneath the hay-ricks of Gloucestershire, and in the various Rowton houses of the metropolis! The monied amateur has always had short shrift at the hands of his professional brethren, as certain gilded playwrights could tell you, and I am sorry for the tramp of Ayr if his identity becomes known to less fortunate pilgrims of the broad highway.

An Unsatisfactory Substitute

BECAUSE reliability trials may not be held on the roads of Great Britain, where the 20 m.p.h. regulation still persists, the side-tracks of Brooklands are to be utilised for the purpose. This is an unsatisfactory substitute, and it is to be hoped that carefully organised speed trials will soon be permitted on the great arterial roads that are now nearing completion. Great Britain is taking a strong lead in the motor industry, and we mustn't cramp the style of native designs by forcing them to compete with the foreigner under conditions that give them little hope of success.

No More "Blind Corners"

OUR highway authorities are proceeding along broad lines with commendable enterprise. New bridges are to be subjected to a form of æsthetic censorship that will prevent the accumulation of eye-sores in the shires, and the faithful



Commons are now asked to prohibit the increase of "blind corners"—a step that is taken in the interest of perambulators, pedestrians, and motorists alike.

A Busy Week

THE burning of Madame Tussaud's has given me a very busy week. Like all true Londoners, I had visited none of the sights of the Metropolis, and the thought that the Napoleon relics have gone for ever, conjured up still more hateful possibilities. Suppose the Tower of London should be burned in the night and the Crown jewels be reduced to ashes! I trotted off to the Tower on Tuesday! Suppose the great campanile of the Roman Catholic Cathedral should fall. I went to Westminster on Wednesday! Suppose something should happen to the City! I threaded my way down Threadneedle Street on Thursday! Suppose—but why continue. It has been a busy week, but I know my London, and I am prepared for the worst.

"APRIL FOOL!" By Blam

First Night Hysteria

ONE may well ask if theatrical "first-nighters" are going mad. I am not calling their judgment into question, although they have delivered some strange judgments of late, and the fact that they elect to sit round the clock for the privilege of welcoming an American musical comedy is entirely their own affair, but when it comes to mobbing the Prince of Wales, as was done outside the Adelphi after the first performance of *Iris*, it is surely time to register a mild protest. The Prince has been criticised for betraying a marked preference for certain theatres—the reason for such preference being, I imagine, that he does not get his hat knocked off at the end of the show.

The Scandal of the Courts

WE are surely coming to the end of the scandal of the Courts. If the Dennistoun case confers no other benefit on posterity it will have rendered one good service in reducing the present state of affairs to a final absurdity. When "most of the places behind the barristers" are occupied by women "whose names are known in the highest circles"; when "well-known theatrical personages" with "sparkling earrings" make the Court "look like a theatre"; when the air is so filled with scent that the windows have to be opened—surely we are nearing the end. If not, let us make a charge of five guineas for a stall and pay salaries to the principal actors in the drama.

Theatres of Law

IN these days, when the interests of each classes are looked after by a Union, why shouldn't those who provide the entertainment in our theatres of law combine together and exact a minimum wage? Why should they appear day after day for the amusement of a crowd of idle loafers? Suppose they *did* imperil their amateur status by accepting a salary, what of it? When defendants are properly organised, they will insist upon these things, and there will be a recognised scale of charges for admission to the big trials—Murder, £10—Divorce, £5—Petty Larceny, 4*d*.—and so on. It may be necessary to permit laughter in court, but this will only add to the general hilarity.

This Topsy-Turvy World

A MERRY fellow, who writes for one of the evening papers, has endeared himself to me by the "sheer gloom and sombre melancholy" that pervades our ballrooms. "Not a laugh, not a smile, marred the austerity of the proceedings," groans this gay critic of the dance, and, as I read, I cannot but draw comparisons between the gloom of a place of public entertainment and the hilarity of a court of law. Truly, this is a topsy-turvy world!

Modern Street Cries

ARE the "street cries" of to-day less musical than those of yesterday, or does the distance of time lend an enchantment that we fail to realise. An Aldershot coal-hawker has been fined ten shillings for crying his wares "to the annoyance of the inhabitants," yet, in years to come, the notes of this grimy singing bird may be treasured by eager members of a folk-song society, and reproduced for the benefit of a future generation. I hope someone will make a collection of our modern Cries of London. There is the boy who knows the result of the Grand National, and the gentleman who is anxious to trade with the lucky owners of bottles and rabbit skins. Their voices may be heard in the next street, but they will not carry down the ages!

A Famous Landmark

WE have been hearing a good deal of Cissbury Ring, and it is a matter for intense satisfaction that this famous land-mark has been preserved to the public. Cissbury is not quite so spectacular as Chanctonbury, its near neighbour on the downs above Worthing, but it has figured in song and story, and has a history dating back into a far more storied past. Most of us have read of—

> . . . travellers lost upon Cissbury Hill—
> Pixy-led folk, who stray—
> Seated on toadstools with fairy-folk sup,
> But here, in Haymarket, the roadway is up.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Unprecedented

WITH the departure of the Prince of Wales to South Africa a circumstance has arisen to which I can remember no parallel in my time. At the present moment there are only five members of the Royal Family in England: Prince Henry, Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and Princess Marie Louise. When the last-named Princess goes to Africa shortly, there will be four.

TAKING THE HOLIDAY CURE *Keystone*

Their Majesties the King and Queen photographed at Pisa last week, which they visited from Leghorn. With the Royal sightseers is Cardinal Maffi, who received them at the Baptistry and acted as cicerone over the Duomo, the Campo Santo and the Leaning Tower, and the church of St. Caterina

Central News

A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Mr. Ronald Morison, the eldest son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Morison, leaving St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, with his bride, Miss Frances Salvesen, third daughter of the Hon. Lord Salvesen. Both Lord Morison and Lord Salvesen are distinguished Scottish Lords of Session

The King and Queen's voyage down the Italian coast is proceeding very comfortably. They were shown over the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Leaning Tower at Pisa by Cardinal Maffi, one of the most courtly members of the Sacred College. Pisa was not unknown ground to the Queen, as she had been there as a girl when her parents lived for some time in Florence, and where, by the way, as I have told you before, the Queen never forgets her old Italian friends.

Naval Officers and Inventions

I CANNOT understand the surprise expressed by some newspapers, that a claim should have been made on the Government on behalf of the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven for some return to be made to her because of an invention by her late husband, better known as Prince Louis of Battenberg, which has saved the Admiralty many thousands of pounds. The late Lord Milford Haven did not receive a penny, it then being a rule that any invention by a naval officer became automatically the property of the Admiralty. He might not even offer it to a private firm of engineers or ship-builders.

In making the claim the late Marquis's trustee pleaded the Dowager Lady Milford Haven's straitened means, whereat the newspapers I have mentioned remarked that the claim was odd, as the lady's second son, Lord Louis Mountbatten, had married an extremely wealthy woman, and that her daughter was the Crown Princess of Sweden. This is tantamount to saying that sons and daughters-in-law with means should help towards the support of their mothers-in-law.

The Dowager Lady Milford Haven's position is a very hard one. Because he was a naturalised British subject her husband lost his ancestral home and estate of Heiligenberg near Darmstadt, on the outbreak of the War. Money that Lady Milford Haven had in Russia was lost in the *débâcle* there, so she has suffered hardly in two directions.

Myself, I have always thought that the Dowager Lady Milford Haven was treated rather hardly, too, when the Battenberg and Teck families gave up their titles of Serene Highness and Highness and were made English Marquises and Marquises' sons and daughters. Of them all she was the only one, except Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, of purely Royal birth. She was a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's daughter and a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Her correct style before the War was "Grand-Ducal Highness."

One quite understands that this title

A GOVERNMENT HOUSE GROUP AT RANGOON

Taken during the recent visit of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. Our photograph shows, seated: Mrs. Victor Gamble (left), H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, His Excellency Sir Harcourt Butler (Governor of Burma), H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, Major Hardy (Royal Scots Greys). Standing: Capt. J. L. Muir, A.D.C., Capt. Victor Gamble (Private Secretary), Capt. A. Batty (Military Secretary), Capt. R. F. Craster, A.D.C.

could not have been continued, but on the other hand, I can't see why she couldn't have been styled Her Highness Princess Victoria, Marchioness of Milford Haven, since the daughters of Princess Christian retained their titles of Highness, and Princess Alice keeps her Royal status, although, like the Dowager Lady Milford Haven, she married a man whose birth is what used to be called morganatic.

Princely to the Last

PRINCE SCIARRA, who has recently died at Frascati, that delightful place of great villas in the hills near Rome, fulfilled all the traditions of a Ouida hero. He had a great palace in Rome—the Palazzo Sciarra on the Corso—great estates in the country, a yacht, some of the finest tapestries in Italy, and a gallery of superb pictures amongst which was Raphael's "Violinist."

"THE SUN IT SHINETH EVERY DAY" *Central Press*

Some of the lucky ones who have escaped the rigours of an early spring in England enioying the sunshine at Algeciras. The group shows: Colonel Wyndham (left), Sir Robert McAlpine, Miss Reynard and Colonel Raitt

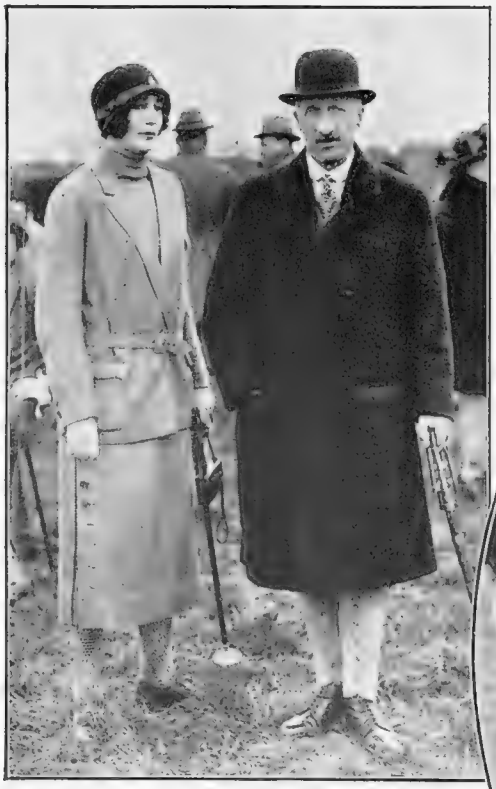
His entertainments were magnificent, but even his vast fortune could not bear the strain of an extravagant personal expenditure and speculation which, however altruistic its motive, was directed with an absolute lack of business prescience. So, in the end, palaces, estates, yacht, tapestries, and pictures all found their way to the auctioneer's hammer or the private buyer. But Prince Sciarra did everything magnificently, even when the crash was at hand. After the last dinner-party he was able to give, every lady found a carriage and horse at the palace door waiting to drive her home, with the Prince's request that she should keep vehicle and animal as a souvenir of his friendship. Prince Sciarra spent vast sums on scientific agriculture; in fact, he was the first big landowner in Italy to interest himself in the subject.

The Royal Amateur Art Society

THERE were some out-of-the-way interesting things to be seen in the loan annexe at the Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society at Bathurst House in Belgrave Square. One was a gold medal of Charles I, which was presented to Bishop Juxon, who attended him in the last hours before his execution. It was handed down through successive

Photographs PRINCE HENRY RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE MAYOR AT SOUTHEND *[Photopress and G. P. U.*

Wednesday of last week was a red-letter day for Essex generally and Southend in particular, when Prince Henry officially opened the new London-to-Southend arterial road. The new highway affords a saving of five miles or so, and is perfect as to surface and easy gradients—a striking contrast to the two old routes. The total cost of the work is in the neighbourhood of one-and-a-quarter millions, of which Southend has contributed £100,000. This increasingly popular county borough is adding greatly to its many attractions in consequence of the new route, which should be the means of amply repaying its handsome contribution to the scheme. (Inset) The Prince with Lord Lambourne, the Lord Lieutenant of Essex (right) taking the salute at Wanstead



Sport and General

FROM THE COURSE

Lord and Lady Camden doing a little winner spotting on the spot at Pattishall. The photograph was taken at the Point-to-Point meeting of the Grafton Hunt and Life Guards

generations of the Bishop's family until the end of the last century. Only two of these medals were struck. The other is in the British Museum. Then there was a necklace belonging to Mary, Queen of Scots, and a rosary which she is said to have been wearing when she went to the block at Fotheringay Castle.

This is the first time for many years that the Queen has been unable to visit the exhibition. She takes a great interest in the Society, and lent a diamond and blue enamel buckle, two diamond buckles which were a wedding present, and a pair of small diamond buckles belonging to her mother, the late Duchess of Teck.

England and Denmark

THE relations between this country and Denmark have always been of a friendly and understanding character, but a society — the Anglo-Danish Society—has just been formed which should have the effect of deepening that understanding. The patrons are Queen Alexandra and the King of Denmark, and the President, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood.

The object of the Society is "to promote intercourse between British people interested in Denmark and Danes resident in Great Britain," and "to assist in the encouragement of social, literary, scientific, and commercial relations between the two countries"—a really excellent idea.

The Society held its first reception at the Hyde Park Hotel last week when Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, the wife of the Danish Minister, received the guests. Sir Edmund Gosse presided, and Professor Harald Westergaard gave an address on "What services can the smaller nations render to the larger ones." A very interesting evening, with an equally interesting mingling of Britons and Danes.

HAWTHORN HIL(L)ARITY *Alfieri*

Lady Cromwell and Mrs. Meares not taking the racing problem too seriously at the Staff College Point-to-Point at Hawthorn Hill

NEARING ZERO HOUR *Alfieri*

Major Everard Calthorp, with Mrs. Andrews, on his way to the paddock before one of the races in the Staff College Point-to-Point at Hawthorn Hill

The Tetrazzini Concert

I WONDER if broadcasting has a bad effect on the attendance at concerts given by great singers. The Albert Hall was only half-filled for the Tetrazzini concert last Wednesday. As the concert followed closely upon two million people having heard the *diva* on the wireless, it rather looks as if a good many of them were content with hearing her for nothing. Then, of course, in the wireless you don't have the boredom of repeated encores and tiresome platform tricks.

An Ex-Service Gathering

WE are all agreed that the cause of the ex-Serviceman is worth fighting for, though why there should be need to *fight* at all is a queer indictment of our times. Nevertheless those who have the interest of our ex-Servicemen in their charge are only too keenly aware of the bitter battle that has to be waged in practice for a cause with which everyone is in theoretical sympathy. Perhaps the most successful fighters for the cause of ex-Servicemen generally, and the temporary ex-Service Civil Servants in particular, is that forceful, if awkwardly named body, the Association of Temporary Ex-Service Civil Servants. For four long years they have fought for what they have considered their rights, and, with the advent of Mr. Baldwin's Government

Photographs **A HUNTING CELEBRATION** *Central Press*

The Earl of Cardigan receiving a presentation from the Tedworth Hunt at the family seat at Savernake Forest in celebration of his coming of age. The group shows: Mrs. Keith Simmons (left), the Marquess of Ailesbury, Lord Cardigan, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, and Mr. W. H. Fowle, who made the presentation

THE GUARDS GO OVER THE TOP *Sport and General*

The field taking the first fence in the Brigade of Guards race at the Bicester and Warden Hill Point-to-Point meeting at Waddesdon

they have at last gained considerable pledges of fairer treatment. These pledges will be recognised, and, it is hoped, fulfilled, in the debate in the House of Commons to-morrow, April 2. Last week the Association, which claims a membership

Sport and General

A LOOK AT LINCOLN

The Hon. Sir Cecil Bingham and the Hon. Mrs. Duberly at the Lincoln races

in the Civil Service of nearly 20,000, held a successful conference in London to which delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland were invited. The Conference ended with a dinner at the Hotel Cecil attended by some four hundred of the delegates; a number of permanent heads of Government departments were invited, as well as Members of Parliament and others who have been prominent in fighting for the cause of the ex-Service man.

It was curious to note the different speeches—one could almost tell the occupation of the speaker from his tone, without consulting one's programme. Sir Oswyn Murray (Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty) strikingly like a judge in appearance, was suave, sympathetic, and cautious, reminding his hearers of Talleyrand's warning to Napoleon that you could do anything with bayonets except sit on them! Sir Robert Newman, as a Member of Parliament, was mildly non-committal. Brigadier-General Crozier, as becomes a gallant Irishman who, not having had his fill of fighting when the Armistice came, served with the Lithuanian Army against the Germans in the Baltic and against the Bolsheviks, and who gave up his command in Ireland as a protest against the Government's condonation of Republican policy, was vigorous and vehement. Vigour of a different sort was also displayed by two remarkably clever entertainers at the piano, Messrs. Pitt and Marks, who, I understand, have exchanged the pen of the Civil Service for the motley. If their talent is any measure of guerdon, the change should be a very lucrative one in this instance.

G. P. U.

A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH VISITOR

Tapin (Steve Donoghue up) being led in by his trainer after registering the second Lincolnshire victory in successive years for France

WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW *Sport and General*

Lady Victoria Bullock, Lady Hillingdon, Mrs. Shaw Stewart, the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt, and the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, at the Grafton and Life-Guards' Point-to-Point at Pattishall

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

British Illus.

ON THE RAILS

General Sir Arthur Paget watching the yacht-racing at Cannes from the Croisette

MONTE CARLO

SINCE Treves' fine *Riviera of the Corniche Road*, I have read, or tried to read, many books about this wonderful coast—mostly frothy rubbish; but Mr. Charles Kingston's *Romance of Monte Carlo*, just published by John Lane, gave me great pleasure to read without missing a word. The strange adventures of François Blanc—starting as café waiter in Paris, and, thanks to his uncanny prescience through a long life in which he often had to make big decisions, his ending as the uncrowned king of Monte Carlo which he created—would make a fine picaresque novel. He left millions to his children, both of the right and the wrong side of the blanket. His widow married his daughters into great families, and his son—Camille—carried on his traditions till after the war, when he retired—nearly eighty years of age. The author has secured his history from survivors among the visitors to Monte Carlo of forty and fifty years ago, and some of the illustrations, which are a real aid to the book, belong to the same period. His point of view is the detached mind of the artist in romantic story. His style is admirably clear, and the sanity and balanced restraint of his judgments all through is striking where so much tempts to exaggeration. There are some new stories of the more startling attempts to rob the Casino and of the visitors of a brilliant past, and some old ones that bear re-telling.

THE Monte Carlo dog show is the pioneer of the Riviera contests. No other surroundings can compare in beauty with the upper terrace here. This year's entry of 460 dogs was a record for the two days—March 17 and 18. It was not merely a jolly society rag, where the pretty owners in the latest creations were rather distracting. It was a fine show of highly bred champions held in the blazing sunshine without cages or kennels, where many amusing *ententes très cordiales* were formed and arrangements made for future meetings. Lots of love at first sight, as far as one could judge. There were sixty-six dainty Pekingese—almost a record anywhere. Among the leading patrons of the show, everyone was glad to see the Marquise de Maleissye looking so well again after the bad illness she had last year; she takes endless trouble to promote all good sporting or musical or artistic gatherings on the Riviera.

Alfieri

A TOURNAMENT TRIO

Mrs. Foster Clark (left), Miss L. Strang and Miss Foster Clark on their way to watch the tennis at the recent Cannes Tournament. Many "stars" entered, and some first-rate matches took place

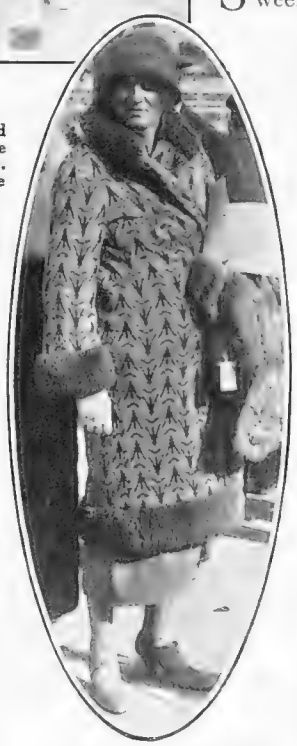
IN the motor climb to La Turbie Lord Cholmondeley headed the amateurs in his racing Bugatti. His time was only 4 mins. 51 secs. for the 6,300 metres up-hill.

THE Duke of Connaught's charitable activities took him to Menton recently to open with a short oration a fête at the Casino in aid of the Maison Franco-Russe, which realised a useful sum, as the place was crowded. There were Russian ballets and peasant dances and folk songs and Hungarian and Caucasian music and dances. Russian work and paintings were sold in the stalls. Comte Davidoff thanked the Duke, the workers and the givers of various handsome donations in an eloquent speech.

THE Imperial Hotel at Menton and the Ambassadeurs Restaurant of the Metropole at Monte Carlo seem to get more popular each season with the givers of dance-teas, etc. Lieut.-General Sir William and Lady Pitcairn Campbell assembled a lot of friends at the Ambassadeurs recently, including Colonel the Hon. Sir Augustus FitzGeorge and his sister-in-law the widow of the late Admiral FitzGeorge, Lady White, Lady Spearman, Hon. Victor Bethell, Major-General the Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Sackville-West, Captain and Mrs. Shaw Kennedy, Lady de Bathe, Marquise de Maleissye, Dr. and Mrs. Pryce Mitchell, Mr. O'Hagan and Miss Greenwood, Colonel and Mrs. Bolton, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Mrs. Chunn, Miss Victoria Campbell, Colonel and Mrs. Tristram, Mrs. MacAdam, Mr. Straus, Lady Garioch, Lady Nicholson, Sir William and Lady Byrne, Colonel and Mrs. Cockburn, Sir Henry and Lady Rothband, Sir Harry and Lady Samuel, Mr. Thorpe Wilson, Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, M. and Mme. Louis Deschamps, Mrs. Chadwick, Lady Chichester, Lady Tennant, Mr. and Mrs. Florence Fox, Colonel Michael Hughes, etc.

SEVERAL competitions every week at the Golf Club just now. Princess Charlotte of Monaco's prizes were won by Mrs. Circuit with 3 down and by Mrs. Chantrey, who tied with the Hon. Mrs. Beresford at 6 down to bogey. The Prince Pierre's prizes were won by Mr. A. S. Chunn, 1 down, and Mr. F. A. Jackson, 2 down.

OWING to some heavy rainfall, the competition for THE BYSTANDER Cup at Valescure Golf Club had to be postponed for a week. Twenty couples entered, and there were some very close matches. In the semi-finals, Mrs. Clayton and Mr. Martyn beat Miss Corbyn and Mr. Kidd (3 and 2), while the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Brownlow won by 4 and 3 from Miss Keily and General Metcalfe. A close match was expected in the final, but Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow were decidedly off their game, Mrs. Clayton and Mr. Martyn beating them in fine style by 6 and 4. Mrs. Clayton, owing to the inexplicable disappearance of her clubs from the Club House, had to play her last two rounds with borrowed clubs. Mrs. Ronald Brooke, wife of the Club's President, presented the cups to the winners.



Keystone

RACE-TIME AT NICE

Lady Broughton photographed on the course during the recent racing at Nice. Her husband, Sir Henry Broughton, is the eleventh baronet

The Distaff-Side of a Famous Family

Yevonde

THE BARONESS RAVENSDALE

Formerly Lady Irene Curzon, the eldest daughter of the late Lord Curzon. She succeeded to the Barony which was held in special remainder

Lafayette

LADY SCARSDALE

The wife of the new Viscount Scarsdale (formerly the Hon. Richard Nathaniel Curzon), who succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle. Lady Scarsdale, who was married in 1922, is the daughter of Capt. Christian Combe

• • •

Malcolm Arbuthnot

LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY

The second daughter of the late Lord Curzon. Her husband is Mr. Oswald Mosley, the eldest son of Sir Oswald Mosley

Motley Musings

WHAT is the real reason why those three prominent Socialists recently deserted their whipping-post?

. . . . .

HEARD ON THE BUS

"OH, yes, dear, I've seen Mr. Barrymore in *Hamlet*, and I must say there was nothing vulgar in it."

"MIND you I don't say Du Maurier can't act, but we've got a chap in the Hanwell Piscatorial Society——"

"YES, she's the sort of girl who would make *any* man happy!"

"I GAVE him sech a look!"

. . . . .

A CERTAIN Mr. Septimus Kitt, a resident in Egypt, writes bitterly complaining of the conduct of tourists who "desecrate the Nile with their raucous gramophones."

It is hard, we admit,
On good Mr. Kitt;
But he should not give way
To see Nile decay.

. . . . .

THE composer of that successful musical play, *No, No, Nanette*, seems to have done Youmans service.

. . . . .

THE influx of American visitors, which is just beginning, must improve the relations between us. But we fear there will never be a real understanding till they learn to speak our language.

. . . . .

SOME men can never smoke a cigarette without moistening one end. Is this a throw-back to the "spoiling the Egyptians" era?

. . . . .

WHICH would you sooner see bobbed, the Air Force or the Income Tax?

UNMASKED!

Daily I scan the news with sour grimaces,
And daily read with mingled wrath and pain,
That o'er the slender, matrimonial traces,
Someone has kicked again.

Oft have I pondered on a case that's grubby,
And marvelled at the bickering and strife,
That ultimately led a fickle hubby
To lead a double wife!

Conversely, I have thought, "what made his Missis
Who'd vowed, though prematurely, to be true,
To go (broadcasting her promiscuous kisses),
Clean off the deep end, too?"

What is the primal cause of all this evil? . . . .
Where is the source whence all this woe began?
What is the microbe? where the wretched weevil?
EUCLID! *thou art the man!*

Yea, will I pillory thee in this journal!
Thy copybook will blot, and smirch thy fame:
For thou it was invented The Eternal Triangle that's to blame!

. . . . .

TWELVE Oxford undergraduates are appearing on the music-halls "for fun." Well, it may possibly be fun—for them!

AN extraordinary case is reported from Monte Carlo. A doctor there, who had a neurasthenic patient, resolved to try the Coué treatment. "Say each morning," said he to the nervy one, "the Mediterranean sun is beating down on me and curing me." A week afterwards his patient came to report progress. "Doctor," he said, "I'm much better."

"Good," replied the doctor, "go on with the treatment, and don't forget the sun is beating down on you."

In another week the doctor called on him and was horrified to find the blinds down.

"What's happened?" he enquired of the maid.

"Please, sir, Mr. Johnson's dead."

"Good Heavens, what was the cause?"

"*Sunstroke!* sir."

. . . . .

"LET me introduce my wife, old man," said the enthusiastic dentist; "she used to be dentally deficient, but now she's a perfect model of crown and bridge work."

. . . . .

BELIEVE us or believe us not, but we know a lady of impeccable integrity who would no sooner think of telling a lie than her age, who solemnly assures us that she saw, written in chalk on the walls of a famous Venetian palace, the homely words, "BEWARE OF THE DOG-E!"

. . . . .

BY a secret method of manipulating violet rays, it is stated that the poetic faculty can be developed. We trust that the secret will remain inviolate.

HARTLEY CARRICK

APRIL SON SHINE

BY FIELD SMITH

"Mother, there's a man in the kitchen kissing Lizzie"
"Good gracious! I must see into this!"
"April fool! It's only father!"

Yet Another Blow!

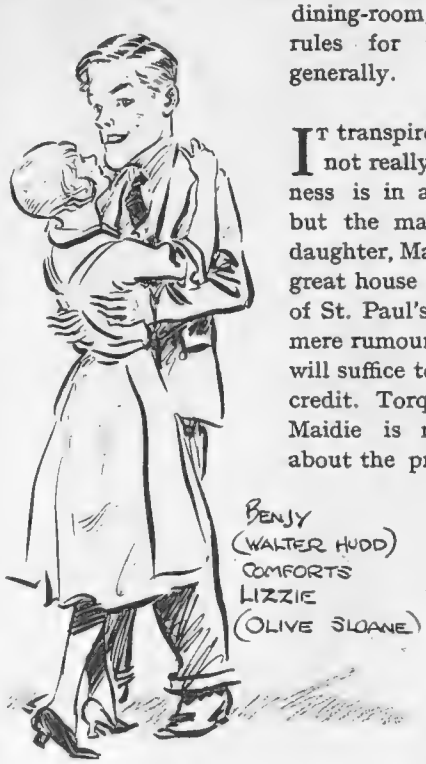
BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

"Saxophone players hardly ever suffer from lung trouble"
"But surely there must be *some* punishment for them!"

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is an extremely interesting play, and there are moments when I think I know what it means. It is apparently a bitter gibe at "the rarity of Christian charity" in our suburban homes. A special act-drop has been supplied for the occasion, and this gives a bird's-eye view of streets of houses with imps sitting on the roofs like cat-burglars waiting for a chance to get on with it. Before one of the houses a maid is cleaning the steps, and the strange thing about her is that her legs are twice the usual length from the knee downwards. I do not pose as an authority on these matters, but I have been to one or two revues where the opportunity for calculated scrutiny in this respect has been liberally afforded, and I can only say that I have never seen legs of that shape before. In the centre of the picture an angel, with harp complete, is apparently struggling for mastery with the Prince of Darkness himself. I am, of course, on the side of the angels; but our recent experiences must have taught us that we cannot hope for much luck where tests for championships are concerned.



THE story begins with the arrival of the milkman at the area steps of the house of Simon Blaize. Jenny, the kitchen maid, coming up the steps to collect the milk, informs the roundsman that the young lady of the house has just become engaged, and her gentleman is dining at the house that evening for the first time. I judged that on so auspicious an occasion as an engagement in the family, the cook was ordering an extra half-pint of milk, and hang the expense. Then Torquil Blaize turns up, and disappears down the area steps. He is represented as the down-and-out brother of Simon Blaize; but it subsequently transpires that he is a fairly prosperous Rhodesian farmer, who has assumed the rags of poverty in order to test the generosity of his apparently more prosperous relative. An hour later, we find he has intruded as far as the family dining-room, and is laying down rules for the conduct of life generally.

IT transpires that Simon Blaize is not really prosperous. His business is in a rather tottery state; but the man who is courting his daughter, Maidie, is a member of the great house of Waters and Waters of St. Paul's Churchyard, and the mere rumour of such an engagement will suffice to restore Simon Blaize's credit. Torquil Blaize notices that Maidie is not very enthusiastic about the proposed match, and he butts into the family council. Maidie is twenty-nine years old. As she remarks, sententiously, they all say that; but she really is that age. This may be her last chance; but Torquil advises her to give the man up if she is not in love with him. Presently, Maidie's little love affair is scattered to the winds by the arrival of Cook, who, with a mysterious air, wants to know if she can speak to the mistress about Lizzie, the house-parlour-maid. Maidie, who is a plain-spoken girl, asks her mother why they don't say right out that Lizzie is going to have a baby, which appears to be the unfortunate fact.

THE next scene gives us what film-merchants call a "close-up" of the erring Lizzie in her attic. Lizzie is there weeping on her pillow, and when she has thoroughly moistened that with her tears, she moves drearily to the window-ledge and weeps some more on that. After which the curtain falls, and I could not tell you, even for a bet, why this scene is considered necessary to the story. The part of Lizzie is most ably played by Miss Olive Sloane, who is seen in the next act sitting at the kitchen-table peeling potatoes while she talks of her love adventure in delightfully plain English, to the horror of Cook, a solid, wholesome creature, who, never apparently having had an opportunity to sin, has automatically remained moral. Lizzie says she would like to be married to the father of her child, but he is out of work, and could make no sort of provision for her and the baby; while Mrs. Blaize, being a charitable person, will see her through her trouble. It subsequently transpires that Mrs. Blaize's idea of charity is to consign Lizzie to an institution with the odious name of a Home for Fallen Women.

LIZZIE'S paramour is a young man of the name of Benjamin. He is known to the Blaize household, where he has occasionally been employed at odd jobs. On the occasion of the great betrothal dinner he has been engaged to wait at table, and he comes into the kitchen to greet Lizzie with a moving tenderness. He has, obviously, no desire to shirk his responsibility, but his absolute penury has made him helpless in the matter. He announces that there is just a gleam of hope, however; and he assures Lizzie that, after the dinner-party is over, he will be practically a man of means. Lizzie hopes that that does not mean that he is going to steal any of the silver, and at the same time she mentions apologetically that honesty happens to be one of her fads. As it turns out, Benjamin is in league with a foreigner of Communistic ideals, to whom theft and murder are all in the day's work; and the programme for the evening is nothing less than robbery under arms.

IN the drawing-room upstairs we meet young Mr. Waters, who has come to

greet his affianced bride. But Maidie does not take kindly to his overtures. He is apparently one of those men who are too fond of pawing the girl about. I am not quite sure that this is a very elegant expression, but as I am going to be still more inelegant, I can, if necessary, apologise for both lapses together, just as Louis XI asked Heaven's pardon for his past sins, and the one or two little sins he hoped to be able to commit. When Maidie protests against the habit of Mr. Waters of stroking her bare arms, and kissing her on the neck instead of on the lips, her mother intervenes with the helpful suggestion that Maidie does not really know anything about men and their playful ways. To this Maidie calmly retorts that her mother is quite wrong, as she completed her education in this respect with a young officer during the War, so that she is, to speak Pharisaically, as great a sinner as Lizzie. This state of affairs in the Blaize household almost justifies the answer of a witness in court who was fond of airing his meagre Latinity. Asked, point blank, by counsel whether he knew the meaning of "*virgo intacta*," he replied that, of course, he did. It was a sort of a *rara avis*.

THE men have just joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner when the sensation begins. Benjamin darts in, followed by his Communistic comrade, Michael. Both of them point revolvers at the company, and call for hands up, while they collect all the available jewellery and plate. Apparently this is an amusing after-dinner diversion imported from Holy Russia. Furthermore, the Communist announces his intention of shooting six of the company, that being, apparently, the number of loaded chambers in his "gun"; and he invites them to select the victims among themselves. Things begin to look rather serious, when the young son of the house, an irresponsible boy, comes darting into the room abruptly, and upsets the Communist's equilibrium. This is the signal for the Torquil from Rhodesia to dash forward and disarm the fellow, it being understood that that sort of thing is an everyday occurrence at the outposts of the Empire. And as soon as they have got the fellow bound to a chair, poor Lizzie totters into the room with a tremendous patch of blood on her breast and says that that is what Michael has done to her. Universal Brotherhood, when we get it, is clearly going to be a good thing for the undertaker.

MISS HILDA MOORE as the strong-minded, practical Maidie, played with a rare intelligence in a part that is complication itself. Mr. Tom Nesbitt, also, very nearly made the part of Torquil comprehensible, by his adroit handling of its inconsistencies. A most amusing part was that by Miss Margaret Scudamore, as the sarcastic married sister who looks into the heart of the Pecksniffian household. Somewhere about the play, I believe, there was an allegory; but in any case it was a very bright, even glittering, entertainment that was taken off all too soon. JINGLE

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"I am not a Monsieur!"

MES AMIS—

PARIS differs from London in that it still nourishes the theory that the title of a play should have something to do with the piece. Thus everybody who was lucky enough to wangle into the Theatre Daunou on the first night of the latest production, passed through various stages of interest, worry and, finally, real disquietude, in the sustained effort to discover the key to the title, *J'adore ça*. Ultimately most of them gave it up, having a marked suspicion, which they did not wish to avow publicly, that this new complication had some association with the cross-word puzzle, which is just beginning to have a limited amount of popularity here, thanks to the obstinacy of a couple of newspapers.

ONE or two of us could have supplied the key, had we been asked; but as nobody wished to acknowledge the failure which would have been implied in a request, we were not interrogated, and so had to hug the secret. The fact is that the title has nothing at all to do with the piece. It happened that when Saint-Granier who has mostly been known as a clever light comedian was asked to collaborate in the writing of a musical comedy, he replied, "*J'adore ça*," and his colleagues, who had apparently found their inventive faculties running down—otherwise, why seek an additional collaborator?—immediately rejoined, "There's the title, anyway."

IT was decided that the perfume on which the fortunes of the *parfumier* protagonist of the play had founded his essential fortune should be called, "*J'adore ça*," but that is the only faint association, and the perfume has nothing to do with the plot, which could scarcely be called flower-flavoured. You might think this affair of a title offered little interest, but then you would be assembling your conclusions on London standards, which would be unsound deduction.

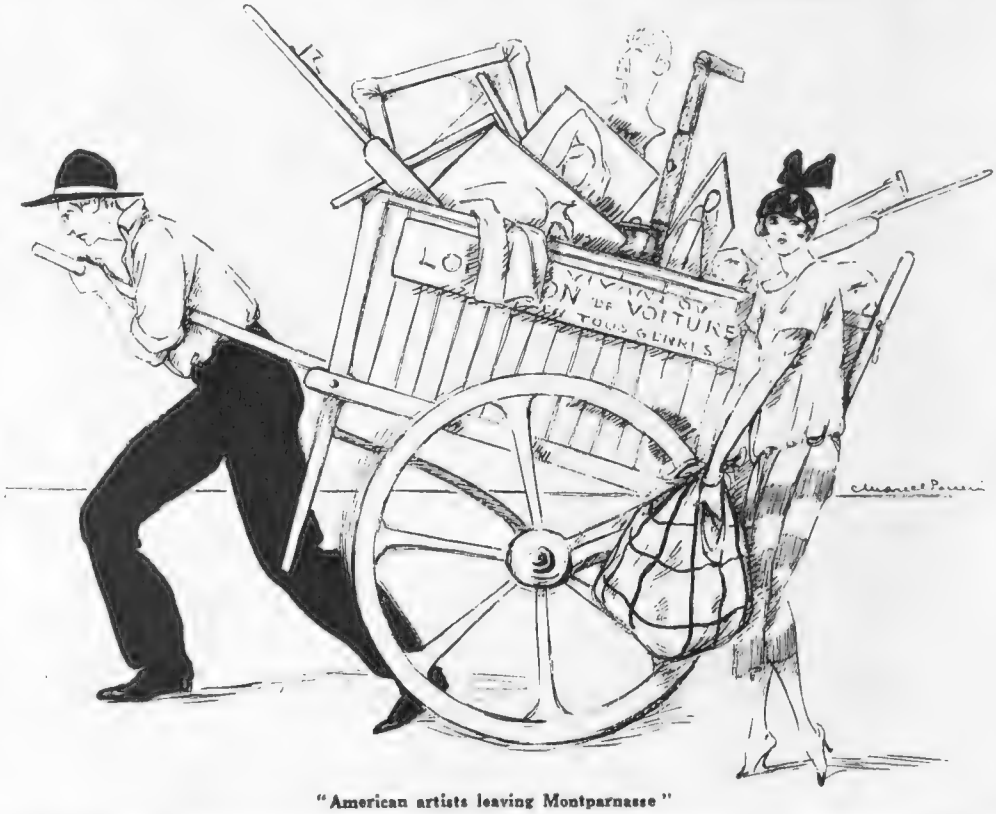
THE puzzle has intrigued Paris very greatly, and, possibly, you have the solution first. Moreover, I have said a lot about the title because I did not wish to be tempted into saying much about the piece. For *J'adore ça* depends principally on the music, which, being the work of M. Christiné, is excellent; but, for some completely unfathomable reason, the producers engaged people who say it, when the public, victims of convention, expect them to sing it.

APART from this degeneration of song into speech, *J'adore ça* is gay, seductive, sparkling and witty. I am glad that Saint-Granier has succeeded, for, if I am not mistaken, there was a day when he had to utilise an immense amount of energy and brains to amass about five francs a night. There has been no primrose path for him on the Paris stage.

ANOTHER disturbing title is that of Jean Sarment's new play, *Madelon*. Quite a number of people are visiting the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre and experiencing disappointment because they have not seen what they expected to see, although they have not much cause to be disappointed with the play as a play for it is quite good in its way. It is an affair of misunderstanding.

"QUAND Madelon vient nous verser à boire," is the first line of a *poilu* marching song that was the only serious rival to "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and Madelon became the equivalent of a real personality in the imagination of thousands of French people. When *Madelon* appeared on the posters as the title of M. Sarment's latest piece, the bulk of those who

(Continued on page 34)



"American artists leaving Montparnasse"

A Happy Return

G. P. A.

DELYSIA

Who is starring in C. B. Cochran's new revue "On With The Dance," which is due in the West End—at the London Pavilion, to be exact—at the end of this month. This revue has already been tried out with great success in Manchester

"Violets"

observed them concluded that at last a playwright had determined to create a Madelon in keeping with the soldiers' heroine. But M. Sarment's creation has nothing of the wine-pouring characteristics of the lady of the song. She is equally generous and winning, but it is in a different sphere; there is nothing of the *estaminet* joviality about this study.

M. Sarment dwells in loftier planes than *estaminets*. His characters are soulful people who suffer from a weariness of the flesh and spirit created — at least, so it would seem in many instances — because they have nothing serious to worry about. A night's real roistering with the vigorous heartiness of the "Madelon" type beloved by the troops would probably cleanse a number of the Sarment figures from the humours with which they wrestle with mental mightiness. That is not to say they are unreal. They are, unfortunately, only too accurate in their portraiture of a number of "types" of the *après-guerre*. In *Madelon*, in particular, Jean Sarment, who is very young but is very gifted, has furnished for Paris in the two principal characters, Madeleine and Marco, two excellent studies; a third act which is widely hailed as a masterpiece; and an opportunity for Marthe Regnier to establish herself as one of the finest actresses of the world. The story is that of a man's self-love and a woman's self-sacrifice, and in this Marthe Regnier finds the crowning chance of her career. *Madelon* is not cheery, but it is impressive.

Montparnasse is wilting under a most unexpected shock. The long-haired bock-sippers of the Parnassian mount thought they knew Americans, but they have found themselves deceived in one of their most firmly-rooted beliefs. They were under the impression that Americans loved noise, lots of it, that it was impossible for Americans to have too much of it, especially if it were given to them in the guise of music, fondly known as jazz. So Montparnasse had been opening its heart and its often elderly edifices to jazz bands and the accompanying *boites de nuit*.

Highbrows of the Latin Quarter could have the joys and noise of Montmartre without crossing to the other bank of the Seine, always regarded as a descent in the social scale by the true-blooded resident of the Rive Gauche. And now the American artists are complaining that they are unable to get correct forms on their canvases as the brush gets shaken off the line because of the air disturbance generated in the "boxes of night" and day, and, not content with complaining, they are migrating in substantial numbers from Montparnasse to Montrouge—up by the cemetery, where there is less danger of brush-wobbling sound-waves.

After a glance at the pictures in the Salon des Independants—save, *bien entendu*, our *très cher* Marcel's excellent portrait of Blasco Ibanez—one wonders what these artists imply by correctness of form or line. We had always thought they drew these ghastly figures on purpose.

We are constantly stumbling on surprises, just as did the old lady, who got in an autobus, said to a gentleman concealed behind a paper, of whom there was little visible besides a trilby hat and a cigarette-holder, "Monsieur, a gentleman would give up his seat to an elderly lady," and got the reply, "I am not a Monsieur." It was just one of our perplexing *garçonnes* again.

Yet in face of shocks and surprises we are beginning to take an interest in life again, for we have sighted the first straw hats at short range, and violets have descended to a price that makes them accessible to the modest and humble.

René

"The first straw hats"

At a Seat of Learning

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An interesting case of absent-mindedness at Oxford, which incidentally gives the lie direct to those vague rumours of slackness—where *work* is concerned—among the younger undergraduates because of their too complete envelopment in the new Oxford "bag" movement

THE BLU

BY CHLOË PRESTON

"BIRD"

Quite a Lad!

BY MACMICHAEL

Our artist's idea of a day in the life of Mr. Noel Coward, author of "The Vortex," composer, and actor who has arrived: in other words, an "accomplished fact"

FIVE OF THE BEST

No. 4. Lytham and St. Anne's

By THE ERRANT GOLFER

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

THIS is the place where you see the Lancashire business man in his most tractable mood. If you approach him in his office in Manchester, or on the Cotton Exchange in Liverpool, you will find him a very hard nut to crack a deal with, and also a rather sombre person with few illusions left about life. Moreover, when the Lancashire business man is at work to-day he is thinking out things which will occur to commercial England about next Thursday fortnight—at least, so runs the popular legend.

But when you are taken to his hospitable and ample bosom for the week-end in the Dormy House at Lytham, you not only find him an even harder nut to crack at most outdoor and all indoor sports and pastimes, but you begin to see, perhaps, for the first time, where the wealth of England really lies.

You cannot with impunity stride into the hall of the Club House, slap a Treasury note down on the counter for a green fee, and say pompously to the steward, "What about some caddies—eh?" It behoves you to tread warily here, to approach the matter of golf in this fastness with a due sense of your obtrusion and a desire to be borne with patiently for butting in. The Lancastrians are a clanny race of men who do not suffer pilgrims gladly, until they have paid their footing. Not in coin—that is the last thing they want from you. But in bonhomie, absence of side, and a sense of humour, even at your own expense. If you possess these two and lack the third—particularly lacking must you be in the third—you can spend a fearful and wonderful week-end at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.

You can, of course, come here in mid-week if you are an unsociable golfer and prefer to see three empty holes ahead of you. You can then perpetrate all your misdemeanours of mediocrity on a first-rate golf course and few people will be any the wiser, except your pleased opponent and a couple of case-hardened caddies.

It is, however, towards the evening of Friday that signs of carnival begin to show themselves in the form of the arrival of cars, luggage and light-hearted gentlemen. On Saturday most of the Cotton Kings and Wool Trade Wizards are counted amongst those present; and on Sunday the wretched Southerner, who is struggling to send a fiver a month to his local Tax Collector, shrinks into the background self-effacingly in the presence of all these Manchester magnates.

A week-end golf here is a liberal education to the timorous player who makes heavy weather of his game and takes himself, his clubs and his adversary seriously. No Lythamite between Saturday and Monday takes anything seriously, except his lunch. Everything, hefty side bets, incessant rain, an imminent General Election, chronic air-lock in the car's auto-vac, his son's failure to pass out of Sandhurst—all such trivialities are taken, as it were, in his stride. The only things that are of any import at the moment are the possibility of being able to tear a pound off old Pym, conceding him three strokes; and lunch; and the little things that follow after a lunch partaken of among brothers of the golfing blood.

"The possibility of tearing a pound off old Pym"

This lunch question at Lytham is no light matter. I personally am content during a concentrated golfing day with a midday pause consisting of a piece of cheese and the smallest of small beers. You can't do that sort of thing here—too ridiculous! You start (when you can detach yourself from the amusing group in the club-room) with potted shrimps, a speciality of theirs, a local shrimp to which the

Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society capitulated *en masse*, and to which there hangs a pretty tale. Then you go on to—but why labour the point? I imagine the club's *dry* canteen is run at a dead loss, though perhaps the other one squares the debit account? Anyway, you and I and any of your golfing friends can be carried along, though utter strangers, upon the tide of good fellowship that flows through this popular place every week-end throughout the year. But you must play moderately good golf. Do not be deluded into thinking that because a man sits up until the small hours playing poker for pound rises and smoking a cigar about the size of a policeman's truncheon, you can take liberties with him through the green on the morrow. You will come away a sadder and a poorer man if you do. The standard of members' play here on a course which is full of great guile is distinctly high, and consistently so. Beware of the man who at the short first hole takes a half-swing with an iron. You may possibly slash it on with a driver; but he will probably shuffle down with a 3 for all that, and will go on doing this sort of thing with intimidating frequency all day.

"Beware of the man who takes a half-swing with an iron"

As an instance of the subtlety of this fine golf course I submit the tragedy that befell last year's Captain, a steady 5 handicap man. At the St. Andrews Meeting he stood on the eighteenth tee, wanting only a 4 for a card return of 74. This would have won him: (1) The coveted Tait Memorial Medal, (2) the Club Sweepstake (and you can guess what that amounted to!), and (3) a tie for the first handicap prize. He took 7 for this hole—bogey 4—and is never likely to forget it! Nor are his backers, many of whom stood, glass in hand, at the club-room windows immediately overlooking this fatal though perfect green.

On leaving these hospitable doors I think always of a most suitable line of a Christmas Carol: "God bless you, Merry Gentlemen, let nothing you dismay. . . ." Nothing ever does, nor ever will.

NEXT WEEK!
No. V.
ROYAL DORNOCH

THE BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MAY 5th. LONDON COUNTRY CLUB, HENDON

Two years ago the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition, which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted widespread interest in golfing circles last year and the year before. The third year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, May 5. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over thirty-six holes. About seventy couples are being invited from clubs within a 30-mile radius of London. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 14 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap.

THE TROPHY AND THE HOLDERS *G. P. U.*

Last year's winners, Miss S. Dampney and George Gadd (Roehampton), standing on either side of "The Bystander" £500 Trophy. It will be played for this year on May 5

THE Trophy is a handsome silver centre-piece representing a *combat à l'outrance* between the Earl of Douglas and Hotspur at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family. The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500.

"Persevering Pat" at the Little Theatre

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT—AND RUN—OF ALL

The scene in which the news of the flight of the newly-rich Peter O'Hare arrives, to the dismay of the village match-makers. The group shows: Grenville Darling (left), Ethel O'Shea, Sydney Morgan, Arthur Sinclair, Marie O'Neill and Kathleen O'Regan

Photographs

CLOTHES AND THE MAN

Kathleen O'Regan as Mary O'Connor finds some amusement in the way her father's clothes fit the wealthy but bashful Peter O'Hare (Fred O'Donovan). A scene from the new comedy with which the Irish Players have opened their season

Stage Photo Co.

A "COUNTER" ATTRACTION

David Morris as Billy Rourke, the post boy, finds temporary relief from carrying the mail in carrying-on with the female. The lady in question is Mary O'Connor (Kathleen O'Regan)

The Household Brigade in Mass Formation

A DRAG HUNT BALL-ROOM MEET

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry joined a gay "foot" meet of the Household Brigade Drag at their Hunt Ball, recently held at Virginia Water in the fine old clubhouse on the Wentworth Estate. Major Battye, the M.F.H., successfully and artistically schemed these enjoyable "night-ops" with Major John Hind

THE CAMERA'S TURN

Mrs. Parker (left), Col. Tollemache, D.S.O., Capt. R. A. Oldham, Mrs. Oldham, Mrs. N. C. Tufnell, Miss Iris Grenfell and Capt. Tufnell

Photographs]

"MUSICAL" CHAIRS

Mr. J. Tredwell (left) and Prince George of Russia: (seated) Miss M. Chamen and Miss V. Blundell

[Farringdon Photo Co.

A PICTORIAL POINT OF EIGHT

A group including: Lady Raeburn, Miss Fradd Lewis, Mrs. Rex Hawkings, Miss J. Ricardo, Mr. Duncan Harvey, Mr. Gilbert Boyfus, Mr. Rex Hawkings and Mr. Bryan Gibbs

'Chasing in a Sandown "Park-y" Setting

LADY CAMDEN AND LADY IRENE PRATT

MAJOR LIDDLE, MISS KING AND MISS LAYMON

Photographs

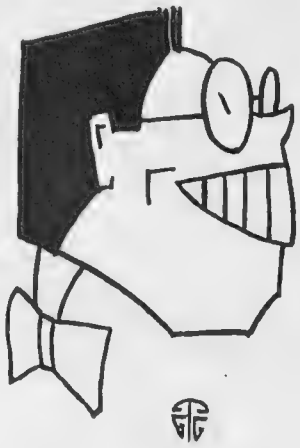
LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH, LADY CRANBORNE AND LADY WESTMORLAND

Sport and General

LORD AND LADY ASTOR AND THE HON. DAVID ASTOR

The Grand Military Steeplechase Meeting—the Grand National of the Army—drew its usual large numbers of the fair to witness the efforts of the brave in the saddle. Although the racing provided plenty of good sport, the weather did *not*, the spring wind proving even "more" unkind than man's ingratitude

YOGO HAMA ON AN APRIL TERROR



MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE this not exquisitely delicious weather we are experiencing to enjoy at moment of indicting these lines? How sweet to preamble in the fields, meadows, plots and other rural acres to lusciously observe the cow and suchly floral slips and to ejacule "O to be in Hon. British Empire now that Spring are arrive!"

"I are completely filled with non-pity"

"Impardon me to point you out, Mr. Y. Hama, that I do not afford you my so valuable spaces to fill them with atmospheric commentings. Kindly to imbottle these pan and other windy gyrics and produce me some authentic informations," you ensnub me, Hon. Sir?

Ha! I ejacule, I shall now wrend the veil from your eyes and depict you some realisms. You do not muchly adore my Spring cantatoes? You demand I should imbottle same? All so well, you have required me to deliver the blow and now I shall do it on your own head.

O I can scarcely for terror unfurl my pen to depict the so non-speakable and frightfully awful catastrophics, abysmal cataclysmics, also holocausts which should make you blanch for terror to only hear their names. O whoa, whoa, whoa, I ejacule like Hon. Cassandra and other defunct classics who enjoyed very wholesale quantities of bad lucks. Almost I would better love to decapitate my head, eschew a gal of poison or shoot myself to death with a dagger, than impart you these so horrific and extremely awful facts which I have up my sleeves. O how happy sensations I feel to not live in your doomed shoes which, if I did, I should *hara kiri* myself in order to not meet the utterableless horrors that lurk for you. Indeedly, I can scarcely imagine to suppose that by the time these commentings reach your eyes, there shall be left at all any Hon. Editor, Hon. BYSTANDER, Hon. printing persons or even Hon. cashier! O, I bemoan, how tremendously I should adore to not be gifted with 2-nd sightings, which cause me to prognostically witness these so non-bearable calamatics. Alasly, we are *sic transit gloria mundi*. (Latin for we are here to-day and gone on Monday.)

"I shall now wrend the veil from your eyes"

"You make me to quake for extreme fear, Mr. Y. Hama, also to emit pints of perspiration. Can you not purvey me some good advices for how to escape these so non-comfortable cataclysmics? I have some few poor cwts. of gold, also saving certificate stamps at 5 per cent., which I trusted to hope I should enjoy in my old ages, if any. Disdain, Mr. Y. Hama, to accept these if only you shall depict me a good escape," you imbeg, Hon. Sir?

No! I response refrigeratingly. I are completely filled with non-pity for you. Ha, ha, I wager to bet you would bandy your shirt or other private garment for a Spring cantatoe in your so valuable spaces now!

"Indeedly a 1,000 times yes, Mr. Y. Hama. But graciously to consider we have been very good friends and if I have sometimes threaten to bag you, it was only for good jokings. Not anybody at all more greatly dotes on your so dazzling genius, dear Mr. Y. Hama," you whimple?

It are too late. I have prognosed.

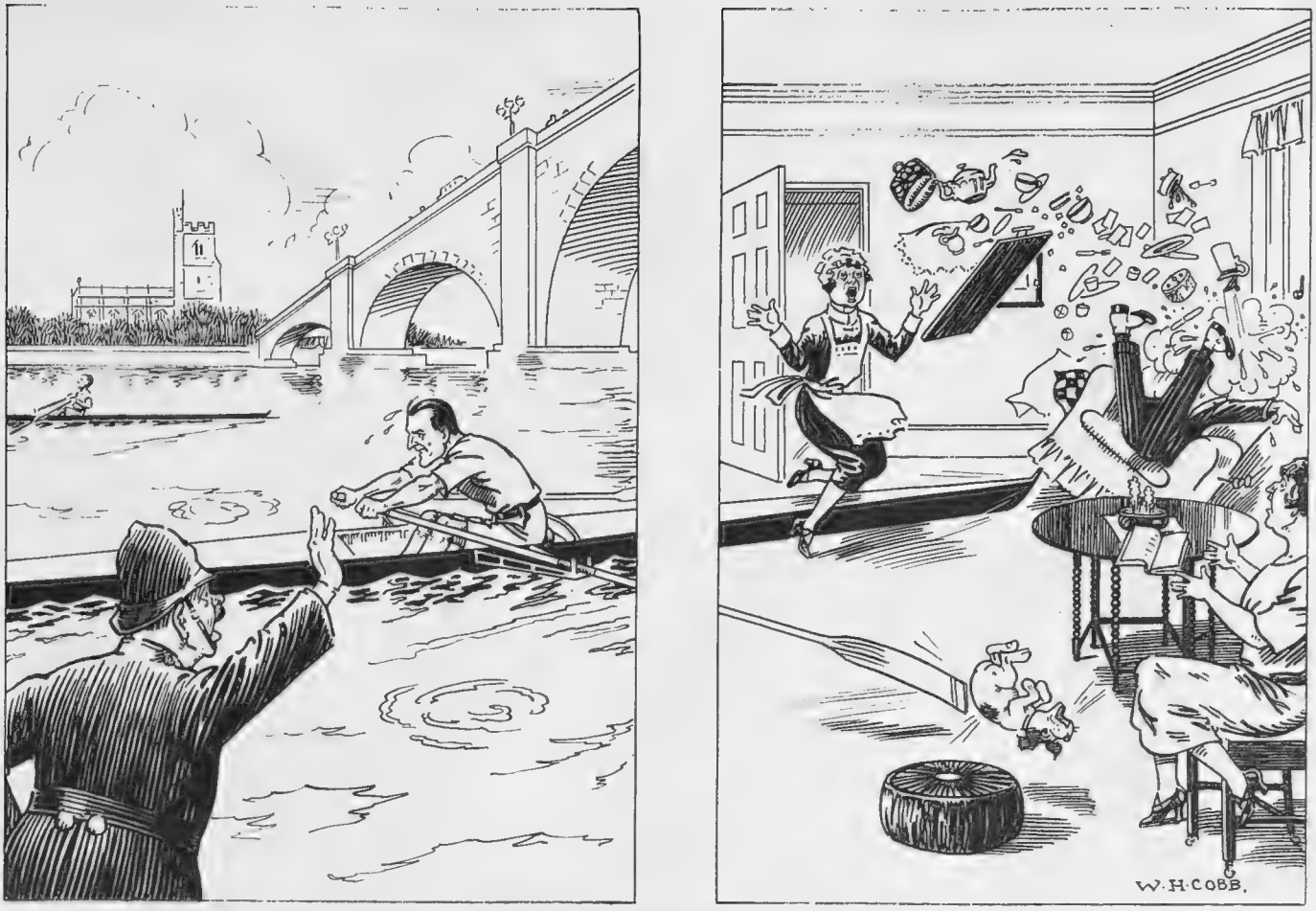
"Then, Mr. Y. Hama, curse you 3 times! You are a bathless canine. O why did I soil my valuable spaces with your tarnished pen? I must have been non-sane, and dazzled by your so brilliant wickedness which, like as a serpent's tooth, has now turned round and bitten me. *Et tu Brute!* (Latin for O you brute.)" you ferociously enrage, Hon. Sir?

"The April Dunce's cap for good rewardings"

This are very delicious, because you have eaten the bait in my trap which I set for you. I did not think you should be so sophisticateless to entirely fall into him. Ha, ha, I chucker, there are not any cataclysmics in my sleeve but—*this week are St. April's Fool Day!* O yes, this has made you to be a very big mirthing-stock! Permit I should present you the April Dunce's cap for good rewardings.

"I shall depict frightfully awful catastrophics"

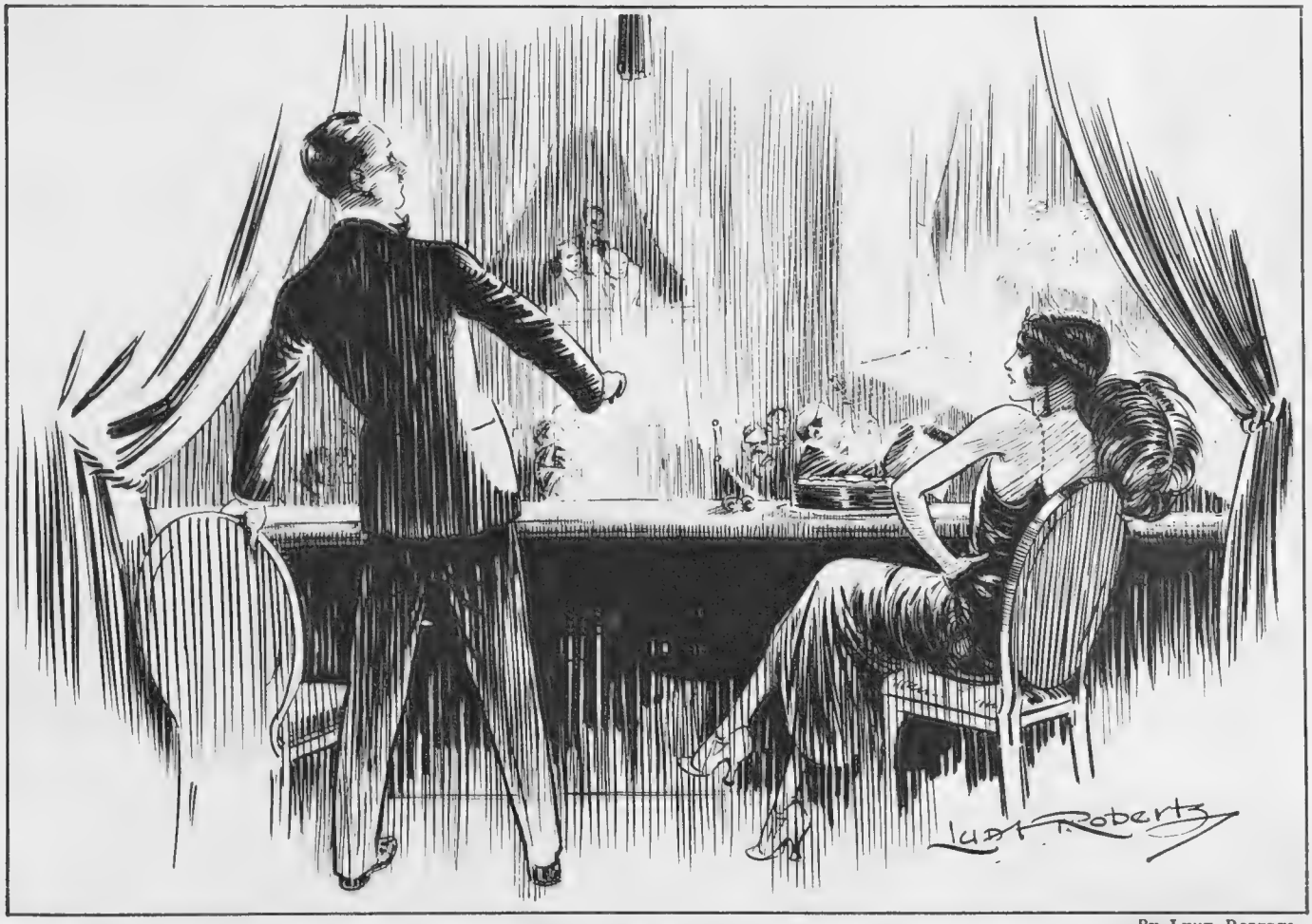
(Continued on page 46)



OVERTRAINED !

By W. H. Cobb

Policeman : "Hi! Slow down a bit—you're running into the next picture"



THE "DROP" SCENE

By Lunt Roberts

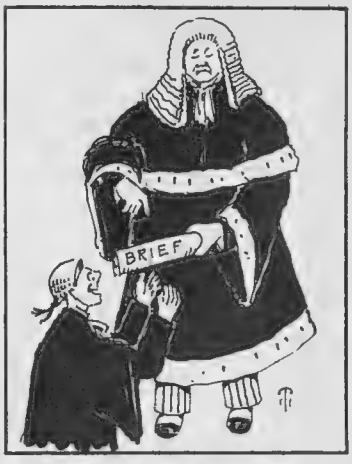
Wife (*to husband, who has been making regular visits to theatre bar*) : "Which are you doing, George—going out between the acts, or coming in between the drinks ?"

"How dare you produce these liberties on me, Mr. Y. Hama? This are going exceedingly much too far and I shall consult my legal solicitors to suit you for a libel?" you rebark, Hon. Sir?

"Police bobs are permit to be Booking-gents"

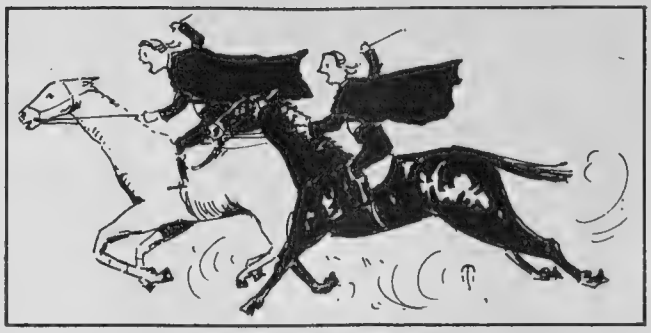
Then, I response, this shall show you to be a very sportless person and acquire you a bad name.

"That are indeedly so, Mr. Y. Hama. But your so versatile genius and rapier-pen make non-gifted persons like as myself matchless to combat you. Kindly to non-remember my so sportless words and produce me some legitimate commentings," you impray?



"A brief for good rewardings"

All so well then. Before not so very long we shall witness to see the Bar point to point races when numerous K and other legal C's will ride their speed equines for who shall be 1-st to a point. This are the only race, I have been inform, where police bobs are permit to be Booking-gents and take odds to 1, which if anybody else did he would be mulct 10/- with hard labours. The favourites for this race are Affidavit, Subpoena and Pentonville for a win or a place both ways. But non-sophisticates must not run away to suppose that the 1-st gee past the point has succeeded to win, because sometimes it are very to the contrary. Hon. Judge, before he makes to declare the winner, has to take counsel's and other learned opinions, also listen to hottish arguments and pleadings like as follows. "Excuse me to submit, m'lud, that Judgement Summons did not win the race, or, if he did, it was non-legitimately or, alternatively, he was not ever in the race at all."



"The Bar point-to-point races"

"That are very serious allegings, Sir Edward."

"Indeedly yes, m'lud. Our case are that the Hon. but completely meritless and non-worthy rascality person who rode Judgement Summons has committed an illegal bigamy, also conspired to acquire 1,000's of illegitimate £'s by false and other non-theological pretences. I have not ever witnessed to see a so completely blackish record, m'lud."

"What has Hon. defendant to say re this alleged allegation?"

"I say, m'lud, that Hon. learned brother speaks very truthlessly. My Hon. client are transparent as a jelly and pure as new-pumped milk. I have not ever seen a so non-guilty, ecclesiastical and legitimate person as my Hon. client, and I submit you must produce us a verdict for Judgement Summons."

"I shall put him in a chancery and disgorge a verdict for Affidavit. Affidavit, therefore, are the winner and I shall give his rider a brief for good rewardings."

"Hottish arguments and pleadings"

This makes the Bar point to point racings very excitings event. Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths continue adhesive,

I remain

Yugo Hama

A FILM WITH A HISTORY

"The Girl" (Georgia Hale) and "The Boy" (George K. Arthur) in Josef von Stringberg's production, "The Salvation Hunters" which is to be released at the Marble Arch Pavilion next week. Mr. Arthur, who played originally in the film version of "Kipps," has made good in this film which, incidentally, has made the name of its producer, for it has been hailed as a masterpiece of production

"The Rivals," as Successfully Presented at Hunstanton

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impressions of the principal players in that thrilling drama of outdoor life, "The Rivals," or "The 'Varsity Golf Match," at Hunstanton. Oxford brought the curtain down by defeating their rivals by nine matches to six

"A husband is every woman's first big mistake"

APRIL FOLLY

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 30

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT a lot of nice things do seem to happen at this turn o' the year . . . which in fact I s'pose to financiers and people is really the beginning of a new one, seeing the so-called f'nancial year ends to-morrow as ever is. And the fresh one starts on April 1, which some of our more aged relatives still call All Fools' Day. Don't quite know why, 'cept that 'bout this time everyone that hasn't abs'lutely joined up with the Society of Dull Old Things is b'lieved to, and I truly hope does, get just a bit fresh and foolish.

THERE being, you know, not anything like half enough folly around, anyway of the young and fresh kind—as, indeed, Mr. Macdonald Hastings (who's, I'm sure, a bit of both) hinted at in THE BYSTANDER the other day, having travelled by Tube, it appears, in company with a large number of persons all of whom had obviously been recently bereaved. How true! (as the subscribers to the library I get my books from are so fearf'ly fond of writing in the margins whenever a really bromide passage occurs).

AND not only in our Underground Railways either that this deep universal depression and solemnity would appear to prevail. Have a look round the House of Coms., f'rinstance, or most of our business offices (when they don't know *you're* looking)—oh, how portentously grave they all are 'bout things that in the end don't in the very least count, such as whether Mr. A. was in order in proposing a motion without his hat on, or if the office boys ought to be 'lowed to use the lift. Even the lucky people, too, who can get off to the links 'stead of offices, going around with furrowed foreheads and knitted brows. And oh the inspissated gloom (as someone once put it) of the average passer-by in any of London's streets west of Hyde Park Corner or east of Piccadilly Circus!

SO therefore and *ergo* methinks we'll lay down the red carpet, shall us, and hang out the flags for this date of April Folly, in the hope that anyway some one'll enter in, if only just for a moment, to the jolly old Palace of Wise Young Fools, what? 'Specially as the birds are singing and the bells are ringing and the skies are blue—at intervals, at least—now that April's here or hereabouts. As one of the later poets has remarked—

> All early in the April,
> When daylight comes at five,
> I went into the garden
> Most glad to be alive. . . .

Which (such early rising, I mean) is a form of April Folly whereof none but a poet 'd surely be capable.

"With knitted brows"

NOT that the merely mundane amongst us are altogether *sans* some few little follies that we could also do quite well without. As f'r instance the other night, when after one of the terribly numerous *premières* we've had lately, I saw that famous film star, Betty Blythe of the £30,000 trousseau, being pos'tively mobbed by some of the invading hordes of female autograph-hunters and other hero (and heroine) worshippers that nowadays swarm right into the theatres after a big first night. Fairly swamp the objects of their adoration they do, not to mention mere bystanders, so that they simply can't get out of the place, even to order their taxis or slip into their cars.

"Small hats"

JUST after the debut of *Rose Marie* I think it was—oh! what a nice thumping, glittering show, too, with a chorus that does all sorts of wonderful things and goes through all manner of marvellous evolutions. Best of all, I thought, being a little affair wherein they all go down one after another with bowed heads, all in a sort of ripple, just like a field of corn being cut down with the sickle. "Totem Tom Tom" being the name thereof, and don't you forget it, and all the girls (so pretty) dressed in the oddest frocks, with eyes all over 'em, which, 'parently, is part of the so-called Indian ceremony.

SUCH a dazzling sort of kaleidoscope of new plays there have been lately. Isobel Elsom, as pretty as a picture, as they say, doing the mediæval touch so beautifully at the New with lovely frocks

(Continued on page 50)

Yardley's
Old English
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Box of 3 large tablets, 3/-

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Box of 6, 1/6

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Box of 6, 3/-

SMELLING SALTS
1/6 and 3/6

SHAVING STICKS
Each, 1/3

Established 1770

in *The Tyrant, plus* Mr. Matheson Lang in tasty doublet and hose, and gorgeous courtiers in huge pink ostrich feather headdresses. And at the Queen's a quite amusing U.S. play called *Dancing Mothers*, wherein Gertrude Elliott, looking as handsome and acting as well as ever, introduces her half-fledged, but clever little daughter, Jean, who looks just like the feminine double of Puffin Asquith.

WHICH last, by the way, was present in great form and a comf'ably *négligé* grey suit at Princess Bibesco's *The Painted Swan* at the Everyman the other night. One of those *clever* plays it is, wherein people try so hard to get off smart remarks like "A husband is every woman's first big mistake" and "I was afraid that if I married I might discover that women deceived their lovers with their husbands," and so on and so forth.

THEN there's that rather *démodé* Pinero affair, *Iris*, that they've just put on again at the Adelphi which you can't poss'bly quite b'lieve in, but, all the same, gives you furiously to think and discuss on the way home, or over the supper-table at Ciro's, or the Embassy, or the d'lightful Troc. food-cum-ballet affair afterwards. Which is, methinks, after all, one of the tests of a worth-while show, and

"A bit fresh and fool.sh"

no one ever dreams, do they, of giving even a second's thought to any of these American super-productions once they're over. Besides, there's Gladys Cooper in *Iris*, looking more charming than ever in a whole series of lovely frocks—and incident'ly acting quite well, but, after all, the clothes are the thing, *n'est-ce-pas ?*

ALL the latest from Paris, they are, and full of the true and proper April spirit of youth and folly and beauty therewith. Especially a perfectly fascinating day frock (as, p'raps, about to be worn at Ascot) of black chiffon, with great red roses on it, and—mark you—a big hat, once more, of wide-brimmed black crinoline straw, with masses of roses clustered on one side. So look out for the return of the large hat—what ? Though also in yet another scene she wears one of the very newest little pull-on hats of brown felt, with the pleats on the side, without which, nowadays, you might just as well be more or less dead.

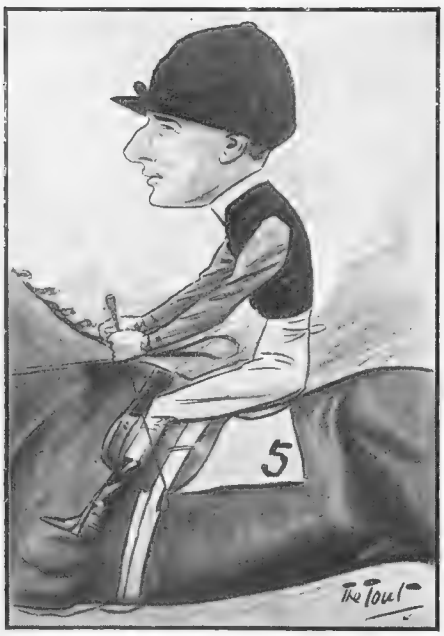
AND there's a charming new Dutch leading lady at His Majesty's in *The Bamboula*—which, with Mr. W. H. Berry as jester-in-chief, is another nice little bit of April Folly.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"



BY "THE TOUT"

LORD SUIRDALE

A very welcome recruit to the ranks of "G.R.'s." He has a nice seat on a horse, and a good pair of hands. Provided he gets the right kind of "cattle," he should make a name for himself over the sticks

French Elation

FRENCH racing people are cock-a-hoop over the success of Tapin in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and there is every reason for their elation. Twice our neighbours have had the satisfaction of carrying off the first of the season's big handicaps in England in two successive seasons, and the compilers of the weights must view their latest successes with some concern. This might easily be a great year for French horses in this country, as I am convinced that their crack three-year-old, Ptolemy, is going to take a lot of beating in the Derby. Opinions differ about this horse. I met a young owner at Lincoln who saw Ptolemy in several of his races in France last season, and he considers him a long way from a really good horse. In fact, he supported his opinion by proceeding to lay me a long price about the colt. My opinion of Ptolemy is that he is a three-year-old of genuine class, and his staying qualities are highly thought of at Gouvieux.

Lincoln Failures

FOR an event from which so much had been expected the race for the Lincoln was singularly disappointing. It was lamentable to see not one of the home division capable of putting up a decent fight against the French candidate. I was surprised that Parth did not do better. He looked a picture in the paddock, but he was never travelling smoothly in the race. Possibly he could have finished in the first three had O'Neill chosen to knock him about, but three furlongs from home the jockey perceived that it would be impossible to overhaul the leader, and he accepted the inevitable. D'Orsay was a tremendous frost, seeing that he was a raging favourite at starting. I suspect that a longer journey is what he wants. Mignault, too, was another grievous failure, and I have come to the conclusion that this colt has no great liking for racing.

Newbury Cup

IT will be interesting to observe how the Lincoln form will work out in the Newbury Spring Cup on Thursday, in which some of the runners can fight their Carholme battle over again. Tapin now goes up to 9 st., which means that he will be meeting Parth at even weights. My opinion is that if Purple Shade is all right, this race is as good as over. Major Lee has handicapped him at 7 st. 3 lb., though why he should consider him inferior to animals like All Green, Black Sheep, and Green Fire passes my understanding. You will remember Purple Shade as an extremely brilliant two-year-old. Last season he made only one appearance, and accomplished a very smart performance in a sprint at Ascot. No doubt he has been unsound, but it is significant that he has "accepted" for this race. I select **Purple Shade** as being the pick of the handicap, and as a second string I take CARAVEL, who was looking and moving well when I saw him at Manton recently.

Some Selections

ON the opening day at Newbury the Chieveley Handicap will bring out a good field of sprinters. **Stanhope** may win. The Berkshire Handicap on the same afternoon may go to **Warden of the Marches.** On the following day I fancy **Perfectus** for the Thatcham Handicap. **Philippi** won so easily last week that his penalty may not stop him in the Quarndon Handicap at Derby on Friday. On the second day of the Midland fixture, the Chaddesden Handicap may go to **Roman Eagle** and the Derbyshire Handicap to **Sebastian.**

SPRING'S IN THE AIR ..... IT'S ALL OVER THE HOUSE AS WELL

..... YOU BUMP INTO IT AT EVERY TURN ..... BUT

THANK GOODNESS IT DOESN'T GET DOWN INTO THE CELLAR

Worthington

brightens the home!

Good Going at

A MEET AT GIB.

Miss Andrews-Speed, Miss Katherine Hawksley (daughter of Colonel R. P. T. Hawksley, the C.R.E. at Gibraltar) and Miss Aline Bird (daughter of General Sir Wilkinson Bird, until recently Lieut.-Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea), at a meet of the Royal Calpé foxhounds at the Duke of Kent's farm near Gibraltar. The hunt was established in 1813, and became "Royal" in 1906, when the late King Edward and King Alfonso gave it their patronage

"ROCK"-ING HORSES

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil (mounted) and a friend about to start out for the morning ride that is so popular on "The Rock." Mrs. Cecil's husband, who is in the Navy, is Lord Amherst of Hackney's youngest son

MISS HELEN FENTON

At the Royal Calpé meet. The country, which is pretty open and hilly without any fences but with here and there a sporting ditch or so, lies around Gibraltar, Algeciras, San Roque and Los Barrios

STEPS TO THE SUNSHINE

Lady Hull and her two daughters, Ellery (left) and Barbara, who are among the many English visitors spending the winter in and around "The Rock." Lady Hull, who is a Canadian by birth, is the widow of Major-General Sir Charles Hull, who died in 1920

"Gib," Ashore and Afloat

CAMERA TIME AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE BALL

A group at Government House, Gibraltar, when General Sir Charles Munro (Governor of Gibraltar) and Lady Munro gave a ball for the Atlantic Fleet. Our photograph shows: back row, Lieut. Salter (left), and Commander Dawson; in front, Miss Viola Bird, Flying Officer A. D. Drysdale, Mrs. E. A. Davies, Flight-Lieut Brawerton, and Miss Aline Bird

"REVENGE" IS SWEET!

The camera-man discovered this sitting-out place on board H.M.S. Revenge, and "features" herewith: Lieutenant-Commander Cyril Coltart (left), Midshipman Caddy, Miss R. M. Leahy and Miss Nancy Wise

Photographs "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE!" *Central Press*

Another joyous naval occasion at Gibraltar to mark the visit of the Atlantic Fleet. Our photograph was taken at The Mount, the official residence of Rear-Admiral Ellerton (Admiral-Superintendent of Gibraltar Dockyard). Admiral Ellerton is seen standing (centre) among his guests. Seated in the centre is Mrs. Ellerton, and on her right, Lady Munro, wife of the Governor

RUGGER RAGGINGS

SCOTLAND'S DAY.

By "PENDARVES." *Sketches by RIP*

W. E. G. LUDDINGTON

Who, when he is not busy kicking goals from the touch-line, is using his weight in the scrum

ONE cannot, must not, rag about the Scotland *v.* England match at Edinburgh. For one thing, the Scottish Rugby Union were showing the world for the first time a *real* Rugger ground, with ten thousand "tip-up" seats in The Stand (there is only one covered stand), and an alleged accommodation for 90,000 spectators—think of that! Moreover, when Scotsmen spend £100,000 on a football ground you will understand this is a very serious business, naturally.

So we must view the matter with due solemnity, remarking, merely *en passant* and with much diffidence, that it will be a bit hard on three-quarters of the uncovered spectators at this ground when the next match is played in a Scotch drizzle. Nevertheless, *The Stand*, as they call it, is a wonderful bit of work, and casts an impressive shadow in sunlight over two-thirds of that gorgeous turf, so that a half-back in the light throws a pass to a three-quarter in the gloom—and all is well, for the other side. However, I had a tip-up seat all to myself, and was thankful for the small mercy of the penny tram ride from Princes Street to get to it.

High-browed journalists with wise old faces and dusty and revered International Caps hung on the edge of picture frames in their "dens," write about "epic games." There are generally about three of these per season. I am casting about in a rapid mind for a stronger word. "C-o-l-*oss*-al" is good enough to be getting on with. It was a co*lossal* game, history-making, undying of memory, both as to its setting, execution, and feverishly palpitating finish. 14—11 is the prosaic reading of the score. That conveys little. But sit with me for a moment—for eighty minutes of gargantuan Rugby to be exact—on a perfectly good "tip-up" seat (and my heavens, how they tipped too at the crucial, frenzied moments!), and let us review it together—you who did not spend two nights running in a sleeper, as I did, and wonder how it was you could not see the golf ball on Sunday.

A few light touches will give you the impression I want you to have—the Sunday papers have given you the deep technique already . . . Scotland's new ground. The biggest and in many ways the best Rugger ground in the world—except perhaps Leicester's. From a point of view of capacity Twickenham is an "also ran." 60,000 or 50,000 present when the teams come out—the exact number does not matter, pandemonium reigns anyway. . . The sun shines; the pipers play fortissimo bag-pipes; ye hardy Scots roar a welcome; subdued Englishmen exhorting feebly at their hefty sides, as Wakers and his white-clad men appear, throwing a lemon-coloured ball about on the vivid green turf—oh luscious moment! Followed by the dark blue jerseys and white shorts of Scotland's well chosen—Scotland's day, indeed, as the ear-splitting roar of delight shows clearly. The hour is at hand.

Consider the battle-front. England: old hands, all but two. Experienced, tried in the flame of many an international; for several it is their last great game. Scotland, canny by experience of the big moments also; but a younger side. Youth waits to be served; with that wonderful machine, the Oxford University three-quarter line, as the deadly attacking point. Speed against solid resistance—with a brilliant individualist or two of England's men to retaliate when least expected. And that is what happened. Again and again that quartette of Oxford's was set in swift motion. Again and again did some English stalwart bear one or other of them to earth. We attack when and how we can. Indeed, after a quarter of an hour's play Scotland is penalised for offside, and Luddington kicks a great goal—first score at Murrayfield.

G. P. S. MACPHERSON

The speedy Oxford and Scottish "three," whose "cut through" is always a source of danger to the unwary

But the wise ones know that in reality England is on the defensive. This continual and concentrated attacking of Scotland can have only one end. The question is, can England's older men last this fearful pace on this dry, fast ground? At half-time, although we have had the worst of the game, we have the best of the score, 8—5, but that augurs nothing.

Throughout the whole of the second half Scotland are on top. True, we score again. But the pace is too hot to last, for England, anyhow. And Waddell is allowed to drop one of his usual goals, which seems to put the issue beyond doubt. A Scotch paper said on that Saturday morning, jocularly, "veterans often play once too often." That paper was right. We were run to a standstill. But it was a fine swan song from the old 'uns. It could not have been finer. England's tackling and general defensive play was superb. There is no other word for it. Had it not been for that one fact, goodness only knows how many times the Oxford machine would have bored through. The English forwards were an awe-inspiring sight. Except twice—and on those two occasions two of them committed acts of violence which were regrettable in the extreme. Frayed tempers on big occasions can be condoned by all who have played the game. But there are limits. They were, no doubt, as sorry afterwards as we English were at the time when our Scotch hosts rose in righteous indignation in their seats and cried out bitterly. . . . Enough said.

The better side won. No doubt whatever about that. And even those brave fellows who had journeyed up from London in the 24*s.* return excursion train must have been glad about the result—for they were sportsmen, surely? I am not certain one might not justly call them heroes!

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Study of Miss Isabel Jeans wearing her wonderful Ciro Pearls

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Autres Mœurs !

BY HELEN McKIE

A vision of Versailles, on any moderately fine Sunday, for those who have eyes to see !

Femina

A HOUSEWIFE SEVENTY YEARS AGO

By MRS. M. VINCE

SINCE I have read this book I shall look with still greater awe at those who were alive in the middle of the last century.

It is a book on domestic economy published in the 'fifties and written by "The Mistress of a Family." Roast meat was really roast meat in those days, cooked in front of the fire with a twirling hook and bottle-jack. Mince-pies were not the degenerate sweet they have become, but had "roast beef" in them mixed with the fruit. Gas was sufficiently new for people to be advised "never to blow it out; always turn it off. If you only blow it out, the gas will still escape, and perhaps fill an apartment, and catch fire so as to cause an explosion."

HOT water was also sufficiently rare for the advice to be given in italics that "a house should never be without hot water." You will never guess why. "Among other things for hot fomentations, bathing of infants, and so forth. A life may be saved by the ready supply of this article alone."

BATHS were still rarer. "Few houses possess the convenience of baths, but everyone may command the use of small, moveable bathing vessels for the feet, or for infants." "The best kind," so the book goes on, "is a deep wooden pail; those of earthenware are exceedingly liable to break, and besides are very expensive."

ON the other hand, those changes were beginning which heralded the modern world. Servants were no longer being engaged for six months. Here you will be able to see why. "Both mistresses and servants find by experience that a bargain for such a length of time very often produces disagreements."

Modern luxuries were beginning to appear. The warming-pan had gone. The hot-water bottle was taking its place, but it is not called a hot-water bottle, it is "a close vessel for holding warm water, which is used for producing warmth in bed." That shows how new it was, even without the ten lines which follow of careful description on how to use it.

HOUSEWIVES still baked bread and made beer, and salted and kippered; but many other things which, a little before, they did for themselves were passing to the factories. The "Mistress of a Family" applauds this change. "The time, it may be fairly presumed, has gone by, when a housewife required directions for making candles, soap, vinegar, shoe-blacking, cement, varnish, dye-stuffs, and a thousand other things which form the subject-matter of systems of household economy, and to attend to which would really transform a quiet comfortable dwelling into an extensive dry-salting establishment or manufactory. No, no; it is not thus that the good wife is to prove her excellence to her husband, or to benefit her family; while not inattentive to the important concerns of the kitchen, her time may be for the most part employed to infinitely greater advantage in those moral and ornamental pursuits which at once dignify and render home a scene of happiness."

AND yet, the picture which is given of this young housewife whose duty it is "at once to dignify and render home a scene of happiness," is rather pathetic. It is drawn for us in "Concluding Advices." We see her "gliding calmly into the respectable and onerous duties of a married life, and with a modest firmness commencing to act on her own responsibility." We see her "cultivating as much as possible her own mental powers or resources." We see her with her "little book composed of three slates, bound in a plain cover," engaged in "scrolling down any note of outlay" (what a charming phrase!)

AND yet she is often lonely. She is advised not to let this "depress her or render her too dependent on her husband for entertainment." That sounds very modern—but wait a minute. "One of the first things she should learn is to be happy in solitude; to find there occupation for herself; and to prove to her husband that, however she may enjoy social intercourse, and especially desire his presence, she needs not either a sister or a friend to entertain her when he is away."

AND then you turn to "bills of fare," and wonder how even without cement and dye-stuffs and shoe-blacking to make, she has any leisure to feel lonely, such meals have to be prepared.

"Among certain of the higher and more opulent classes of society, where great style is affected, it is not unusual to present dinners consisting of five or six courses or removes." But "Mistress of a Family" recommends a "less extravagant arrangement." These are her first two courses for a dinner of twelve:

"At top, a tureen of mock-turtle, brown or hare soup; at bottom, a dish of boiled salmon, turbot, or cod. Fried soles and flounders may be placed as side-dishes. Also oyster or lobster sauce.

"Remove these and place:

"At top, roast turkey; at bottom, boiled leg of mutton; at sides, boiled fowls and ham or tongue. Also a supply of the appropriate sauces and vegetables."

Now I understand that tables really did "groan under their weight of choice viands."

THE other day I met a friend who is in her eightieth year, so vigorous, so interested in life that she might be any age from thirty upwards. She may have been bathed in a "deep wooden pail," and perhaps had her life saved by the presence of a hot water supply. She would be too young to have eaten one of those meals, but she may well have heard the table groaning under it. For she was alive when "Mistress of a Family" was writing. It seems scarcely credible.

AN INTERESTING WEDDING *Lafayette*

Senor Don Alvaro Munoz y Rocca-Tallada, who is a member of the Spanish Parliament and is in the Spanish Diplomatic Service, photographed with his bride, Madame Anna Rotvand, formerly a well-known member of society in pre war St. Petersburg. The marriage ceremony was solemnised at Brompton Oratory, the Spanish Ambassador, H.E. Don Alfonso Merry del Val acting as best man. The bridegroom's father, Count de la Vinaza, is Spanish Ambassador in Rome

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

MR. E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR has essayed an ambitious task in recording *The Lives of the Rakes*, of which three volumes (Philip Allan: 10*s.* 6*d.* net each) have already appeared. He begins with a sketch of Charles II, "Old Rowley," which, while adducing nothing that is actually new, is honest and forthright. One's view of the King does not alter as a result of Mr. Chancellor's work, but it may be that he appears in a sharper outline. Certainly his adventures before his restoration are described in a most vivid and entertaining manner, and his ladies make excellent company. And, in fairness to the author, it must be said that he is only aiming at our entertainment.

❋

THE second volume is devoted to the rakes of the Restoration, Buckingham, Leicester, and the rest: fine folk, no doubt, who, however, have already been given as much publicity as they deserve. Nevertheless, it is not uninteresting to review their sadly irregular careers. Unfortunately, there is a rather different atmosphere in the third volume, for most of it is devoted to the life of one Colonel Charteris, who was of no great importance. Certainly less has been written about him than about the others, but—can he really be dubbed a rake? Would not a harsher word better describe him? We are in more gracious company when Philip, Duke of Wharton steps into the foreground. But there are still three further volumes to be issued, and judgment of the whole work may be suspended until their appearance.

❋

ABOUT two years ago Mr. Geoffrey Dennis wrote a remarkable first novel, called *Mary Lee*. He now publishes an equally remarkable successor in *Harvest in Poland* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). This may not be everybody's book, but it is unquestionably big and startling, and altogether out of the ordinary. It is, in brief, the account of a modern young man's strange fight with the devil. You may call it a nightmare, you may consider that Mr. Dennis's writing in places is hysterical and even unintelligible, but its power and its daring cannot be denied. The scenes in Poland are eerie, and the climax is Dracula-like, and the whole thing is written at white heat. It *gets* you, to use a slang phrase. Afterwards, it is true, you may wonder whether young Emanuel Lee is not a little too morbid. Yet his experiences, as related by Mr. Dennis, are unforgettable, and once you begin the book, it is difficult to lay it down.

❋

IN *Anna's* (Allen and Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Miss C. Nina Boyle has written an exciting story in which a family of gentlefolk and some scalliwags, who are accustomed to foregather in a seaman's inn run by a remarkable woman, become oddly mixed up together. The search for a missing heir, successful or not, is an old theme with the novelists, and though he is duly brought to Anna's, Miss Boyle is far too cunning to follow the usual tracks. In its due place there comes a surprise which is really worthy of the name, and the whole book is an excellent example of modern melodrama.

MISS BARBARA CARTLAND *Bertram Park*

Whose first book "Jig-Saw: A Novel of Mayfair," has been described by its enthusiastic publishers (Messrs. Duckworth) as "West End life with the lid off." Miss Cartland, who is well known in Society, apparently has been yet another "chiel amang ye takin' notes"

THE series of Broadway Translations continues to be of quite extraordinary interest. It is only lack of space which prevents me from devoting as much attention as I should like to the latest volumes. Possibly the most unusual of them all is Laclos's *Dangerous Acquaintances* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). It is not a well-known book in this country, and its author's name, I expect, is wholly unfamiliar. Laclos was a soldier who lived at the time of the French Revolution. A disappointed man, he wrote an astonishing novel which, in agreement with Mr. Richard Aldington, whose introduction is a particularly gracious piece of work, we must regard as an attack on the lives of the high nobility. The novel itself may not be to all tastes—it is a series of intimate letters between a small group of aristocrats—but its people are so real that one cannot but marvel. Valmont is a ghoulish villain, but such is Laclos's skill that we see no exaggeration in his portrait. The Marquise is a human horror, but she, too, is understandable.

❋

ONE of the most remarkable books in the English language is Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Unfortunately, it is of a length and prolixity almost beyond all endurance, which is probably why so few people have ever read it. It has come to be one of those unfortunate classics which "should be seen and not read." But it is very well worth the reading. You can hardly dip into Burton without finding something good, and for that reason I welcome the publication of *Burton the Anatomist* (Methuen: 4*s.* 6*d.* net), a series of extracts "chosen to interest the psychologist in every man" by G. C. F. Mead and Rupert Clift. The selection seems to me to have been made in just the right spirit of enthusiasm. It can have been no easy task "cutting" Burton in such a way as to hide the joins, while losing little of the original flavour. Here, however, is Burton in an up-to-date dress, simplified, but not emasculated—surely a godsend to many of us whose reading time is limited. R.S.

AS everyone knows, the certain "best-seller" of to-day is—a dictionary. I suppose the cross-word craze must also be blamed—or praised—for extra attention that is being paid to "Initials and Abbreviations" in the new dictionaries. *Cassell's New English Dictionary* (7*s.* 6*d.* net), for instance, has no less than twenty-three pages devoted to them. Another feature of this handy little dictionary is an interesting supplement of "War-words" which, in the laconic phrasing of the preface, contain "the *printable* portions of the colloquialisms, slang, and manufactured vocabulary peculiar to the Navy, the Army, and the Royal Air Force." I can recommend Cassell's new dictionary, as an excellent production, either in or out of the cross-word season.

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He drew his chair close up to hers, grasped her little hand in his manly palm, and gazed into her eyes.

She had expected him to do this—he had done it before now!—and yet it gave her a thrill which caused her heart to flutter and an ever-deepening flush to spread across her delicate cheeks.

"How silly I am, just when I want to appear calm and unflustered!" she scolded herself, as many a girl in a similar situation had done before her and probably will do for all time to come.

He did not know that she had been waiting at the window looking out for him quite half an hour before he had arrived. He did not know of her sad little murmur, "I'm sure I don't know what I shall do if he doesn't come."

No: all he knew was that he was holding her little hand in his, gazing into her lovely eyes, and thinking about her, dwelling on her, as she sat close to him.

He wondered what he should say to her, and paused a moment, silent, thinking. And how many men could relate similar experiences!

As I say, she had expected him to do all this, and yet his silence seemed interminable to her. Would he never speak?

At last he opened his mouth, and, let me whisper it to you in confidence, he told her just the words she had secretly longed to hear. "Your heart," he began, and all but the face before her faded from her sight; she looked with wide, appealing eyes into his.

"Your heart is certainly in need of a rest, and I'm afraid you will have to take a few days' holiday in bed," said the kindly doctor. E. J. W.

"NO KID!" By Stan Terry

Inspector (severely): "I understand that since you've joined the force you have neither made a single arrest nor issued a single summons!"
P.C. (complacently): "And now what do I get? A pair of white gloves, ain't it?"

A FAUX PA By Thomas Henry

Smith Minor: "I say, pater, you jolly well shouldn't have kissed me before the other chaps. It's really no end of tosh to see two men kissin'!"

Spring Song

(*Slightly marred by a nasty cold in the head*).

Berrily, berrily led us sig
Badrigals all the day,
Bakig the roof ad welkin rig
With voices blithe ad gay.
Wad do we care for the icy breeze
That howls all day through the leafless trees?
Led us declaib betweed each sdeeze,
Sweed Sprig is od her way.
Aitchoo!
Sweed Sprig is od her way.

Whad does id batter though sdow and sleet
Bake all our dozes blue?
Whad do we care though the frieds we beet
Dodder aroud with flu?
We cough ad sdeeze with a berry heart
For Winter sood will be id the cart—
Thed the dice cold days will *really* start
Whed Sprig trips idto view
Aitchoo!
Wed Sprig trips idto view.

Brig us a flagod of "neat" quidide,
Fetch eucalyptus too,
Joid us id toasting the widsome Queed,
Sweet Sprig who is ever true.
Id thick red fladdel we'll sit arrayed
Ad raise our bedicine-cups to the Baid
Who's the pet of the Undertakig trade—
Sweed Sprig is dearly due
Aitchoo!
Sweed Sprig is dearly due.—Bruce Woodhouse

IN A RHINELAND VILLAGE

CAMERA NOTES

PREPARING FOR EASTER

UNTIL the approach of Eastertide occasions a sudden search for the camera that was put away somewhere in the early autumn, most camera-users probably give little thought to the welfare of the camera. Hence, to avoid the risk of unexpected failures in the exposures made during the Easter holiday, it is profitable to devote an hour or two to an overhaul of the instrument.

Inside the Camera

IN the first place, examine the inner surfaces of the camera body for any parts that may have worn shiny, and restore their original matt-black surface with a coating of dead-black photographic varnish. In case of a plate camera, the same treatment should be given, if needed, to the inner surfaces of the dark-slides.

With a folding camera that shows no sign of wear at the folds in the bellows, little else will be required beyond this treatment and a final thorough dusting of the bellows. For this purpose a pad that will easily remove dust is made by very slightly moistening a rag with diluted glycerine and leaving it till nearly dry.

Should the bellows appear at all worn, however, the camera should be tested thoroughly for light-tightness and any faulty points in the bellows covered on the inner side with court plaster or similar material. Finally, the leather of the bellows and the leather coverings of the camera may be given an application of wax boot polish.

Testing the Shutter

SPECIAL attention should also be given to the shutter, particularly if it be one of the better types of mechanical diaphragm shutters, giving up to seven automatically-timed speeds of exposure. Being complicated bits of mechanism, these shutters, like a watch, should be given expert attention periodically—at intervals of about two years—for cleaning and regulating. At the beginning of the season such a shutter should be carefully put through its paces and watched for any sign of faulty or irregular action. Under no circumstances should any between-lens shutter be oiled, nor should the mechanism of the complicated patterns be touched save by a competent mechanic.

Care of the Lens

BEYOND cleaning, there is little that the photographer can do to improve the condition of his lens, and, especially in the case of the modern anastigmat, a lens requires delicate handling in cleaning. First, it should be dusted with a camel-hair brush to remove any particles of gritty dust before the lens surface is rubbed with a cloth. It may then be freed from any film of grease which may be present with a piece of very soft, old handkerchief moistened with alcohol. The dry surface is then made damp with the breath and quickly polished by rubbing lightly with a similar soft cloth pad or a piece of lens-cleaning Japanese tissue.

If the lens is fitted with a between-lens shutter, the back and front components may be unscrewed to expose the inner surfaces. But it is unnecessary and inadvisable to attempt any further separation of the lens elements. A lens which has lost its original high polish will not give clear, brilliant negatives, and should be returned to the makers for the inexpensive operation of re-polishing the glasses.

T. L. J. BENTLEY

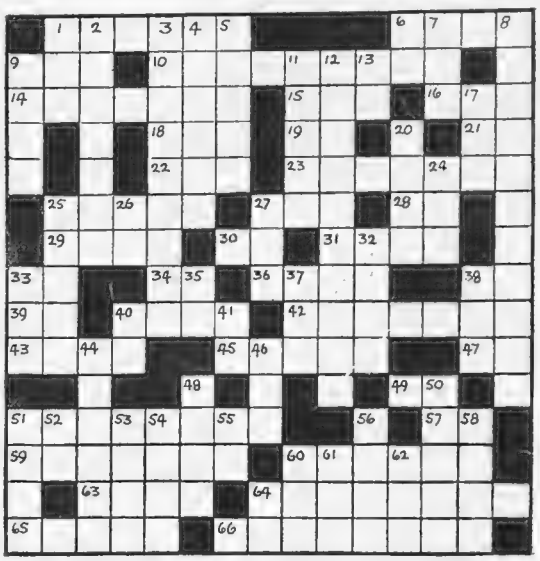
MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

FIVE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first five correct solutions opened.

Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope. Solutions in unmarked envelopes run a grave risk of being disqualified. All answers should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C. 4, and should reach us by first post on Monday morning, April 6. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 8

Name.....

Address.....

CLUES:

DOWN

1. Miss Moore
2. Miss Mary Anderson (now).
3. "G. G."
4. Cinemas.
5. Lessen.
6. Refusal.
7. The first.
8. A very famous dancer.
9. The Box Office. 10 to 10.
11. A popular comedian at the old Gaiety. Also a modern gentleman who plays billiards quite nicely.
12. Human nightingale.
13. Southern Railway.
17. Pussyfoot's aversion.
20. Admits to the theatre.
24. A little one.
25. What actresses never are.
26. 'Arry's word for heat.
27. True friend.
32. An unfledged hawk.
33. For (Latin).
35. "Omissions Excepted" (initials).
37. Miss Reeve.
38. Ancient.
40. Thee (Latin).
41. The City.
44. Lighter drama.
46. What they do to the odds.
48. The old Roman's topcoat.
50. Her gloves.
51. Theatrical venture, usually.
52. All of you.
53. Needed for slow actors.
54. Sir John (famous actor).
55. An unpopular point of the compass.
56. What "every nice girl loves."
58. Formerly ruled Russia.
60. His complement.
61. Cut.
62. Part of a theatre.
64. Southern Railway (initials).

ACROSS

1. Woman, always.
6. Nothing up north.
9. Eggs (Latin).
10. Mrs. Kendal's father.
14. The great *danseuse*.
15. Ever (poetical).
16. Necessary for music.
18. Be seated.
19. And (Latin).
21. Labour Party.
22. What the matinee hat won't let you do.
23. What the actor does with his character.
25. Those popular concerts.
27. Used with thimbles in a very sportful game.
28. Thus.
29. Pierre, the great French writer.
30. Yes (German).
31. What actors should act with.
33. The old man.
34. Preposition.
36. The actor who never succeeds.
38. Cry of alarm.
39. Royal Institute (initials).
40. You in poetry.
42. Preceded by "Fra" operatically.
43. Bitten, twice shy.
45. They have a tartan.
47. Stage instructions.
49. Like.
51. A musical composition.
57. As (Latin).
59. What chorus ladies aspire to.
60. And what governs their chances.
63. Ought to be dead, but isn't.
64. Famous 18th century dramatist.
65. Where the "Wild Men" come from.
66. The man of unwanted millions.

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of March 18, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 64

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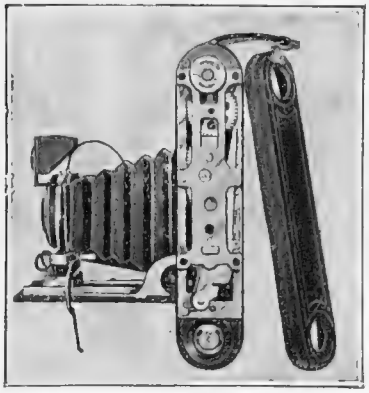

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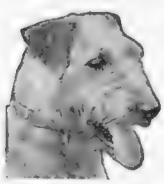

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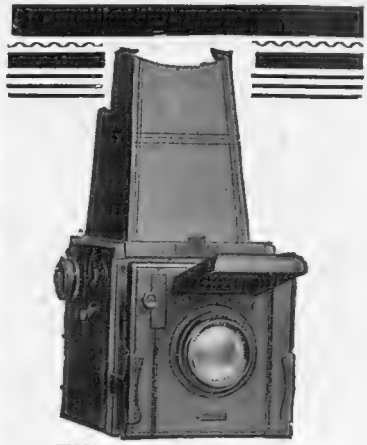

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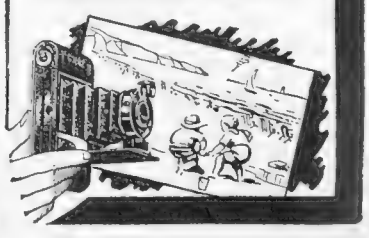
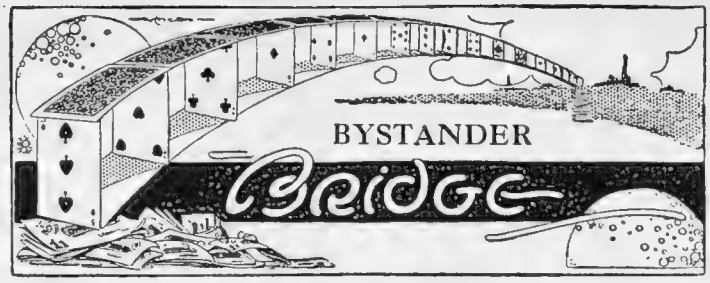




By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

MINOR SUITS

THAT it is seldom of use to keep on "punting" in a minor suit when a major suit is being called against you, should be an axiom. But it doesn't seem to be. I know several players who have a passion for bidding up in the minors. One has been nicknamed "Two Dies" because of his predilection for opening the bidding with a "Two Diamond" call. How often does one suffer from a partner who will not stop bidding in Clubs or Diamonds because he has a string of them and nothing else of value in his hand! When he gets to a bid of five he is usually doubled and goes down at least 300 points. This doesn't teach him, as it ought, a salutary lesson. He goes on in the same old way time after time.

. . . . . .

The point to recognise is that with a strong major suit declared against you by your opponents, nine times out of ten it is a mistake to go on with your minor. One of two things are bound to happen. You are not going to play it in the minor suit, or, if you do, your contract has to be so high that you are bound to be fined. It has been calculated that roughly only 5 per cent. of the declarations at Bridge are played in Clubs and only 11 per cent. in Diamonds. The reason is that the average maximum trick-making capacity of any two good hands is ten tricks. To make eleven tricks with two hands requires an abnormal card distribution.

. . . . . .

Some players have realised so much the futility of bidding minor suits that they will not call them at all. This, to my mind, is rushing to the other extreme and depriving oneself of a useful weapon. I am all in favour of an initial bid of a minor suit, however short, provided you have two "quick" tricks in it or one "quick" trick in it and one outside "quick" trick. Thus, suppose as dealer you hold Ace, King, x, in Clubs or Diamonds and nothing else of value. I believe in bidding "one Club" or "one Diamond" on it, and am sure that on *balance* it proves more profitable than passing. You tell your partner you have two "quick" tricks and that is information well worth giving. Whereas if you say "No bid," he is left in doubt as to whether you have a trick at all, or he doesn't know in which suit you have a trick.

. . . . . .

The danger of being left in with a bid of one of a short minor suit is infinitesimal. The initial informatory bid of a minor suit doubles your partner's chances to bid, while it involves a 2 per cent. chance of being left in and defeated. As the American writer, E. V. Shepard, puts it, "a player afraid to accept such odds is out of place at the Bridge table." It ought to be recognised that an initial bid of one of a minor suit is not an attacking bid. That is to say, it does not show necessarily a desire to play the hand in the suit named. It is defensive and informatory. To neglect to bid it because of its shortness and the weakness of the rest of the hand is to miss great opportunities.

. . . . . .

Another use of minor suits when solid and accompanied by other good cards, is to bid them to put your adversaries out of their depth. Take this case. Z deals and bids "one Spade." A holds—

S—4, 2. H—A K, 3. D—A, K, 2. C—A, K, 9, 5, 3, and bids "two Clubs"; Y bids "two Spades"; A "three Clubs"; and Z "three Spades."

A doubles and makes his three Aces and three Kings, his partner having nothing of value, and scores 200 points. Now that is worth while. A bad player would have gone on to five Clubs and lost points on his good hand.

. . . . . .

A "take out" of a No-Trumper into a minor may be very effective when the minor is seven or more without the Ace, King. Z deals and bids "One No-Trumps"; Y (his partner) holds Queen, Jack, 10, 9, 5, 3, 2 of Diamonds and no other cards of value. He must play the hand in Diamonds, and if his partner bids "two No-Trumps" must again take him out in the suit. Games in minor suits can frequently be won with a good No-Trumper to back them. But games in No-Trumps can seldom be won with only a long minor without tops to back them.

And yet I know players who assert with an air of conscious rectitude that they *never* take their partners from No-Trumps into a minor suit. A bad minor suit take out is, I agree, atrocious, but a good minor take out on seven or more is a great game-winner.

. . . . . .

And it is possible to carry one's contempt for the minor suits too far. Occasionally you will get a very long minor on which it is essential you should make a pre-emptive bid. And when you pre-empt in a minor pre-empt right up to the hilt. Bid five straight away. It is no use fooling about with a bid of two, three, or even four. Holding the probability of nine tricks with a minor suit as trumps bid five outright. Here is an example: Clubs—K, Q, J, 10, 8, 7, 6, 3, 2. D—Q, J, 9, 7, no Hearts and no Spades, bid five Clubs at once.

As the object of the pre-emptive bid is to shut out adverse bidding, it follows that pre-emptive bids of less than "three in Spades," four in Hearts, and five in Clubs or Diamonds are seldom justified.

. . . . . .

Another point about a minor suit is its usefulness when you are something up towards game. It is then that the careful player will bid it in preference to taking a risk in No-Trumps or in a major suit. The bid of the minor may be used also at a critical score to lure the opponents to destruction. Thus with a game and 20 up in your favour, you deal yourself a good No-Trumper, but bid a minor suit. Your opponents, to save the rubber, may get a little frisky and you come in with a handsome double.

. . . . . .

A Farnham correspondent writes me as follows:—

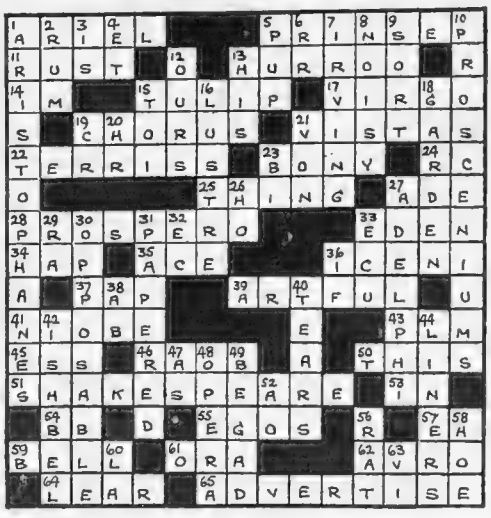
"Is it correct to call *Two* of any suit having five cards with top honours and no other good cards in your hand?

Is one Club an invitation to your partner to go No-Trumps?

I was playing the other day at a Club. My partner called 'two Clubs,' and having only a fair hand I left her in Clubs. She was *furious* because I did not take her out, as she said a bid of 'two Clubs' is an invitation for No-Trumps." . . . .

In my opinion, an initial bid of two of a suit should never be made at love score. Even the advocates of this bid could not admit it on five to Ace, King. The minimum is six.

Neither the bid of "one" nor two Clubs is an invitation to No-Trumps. There is no such thing as a recognised invitation to a No-Trumps at Auction Bridge.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 6

ABOVE is the correct solution of the sixth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of March 18. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below:—

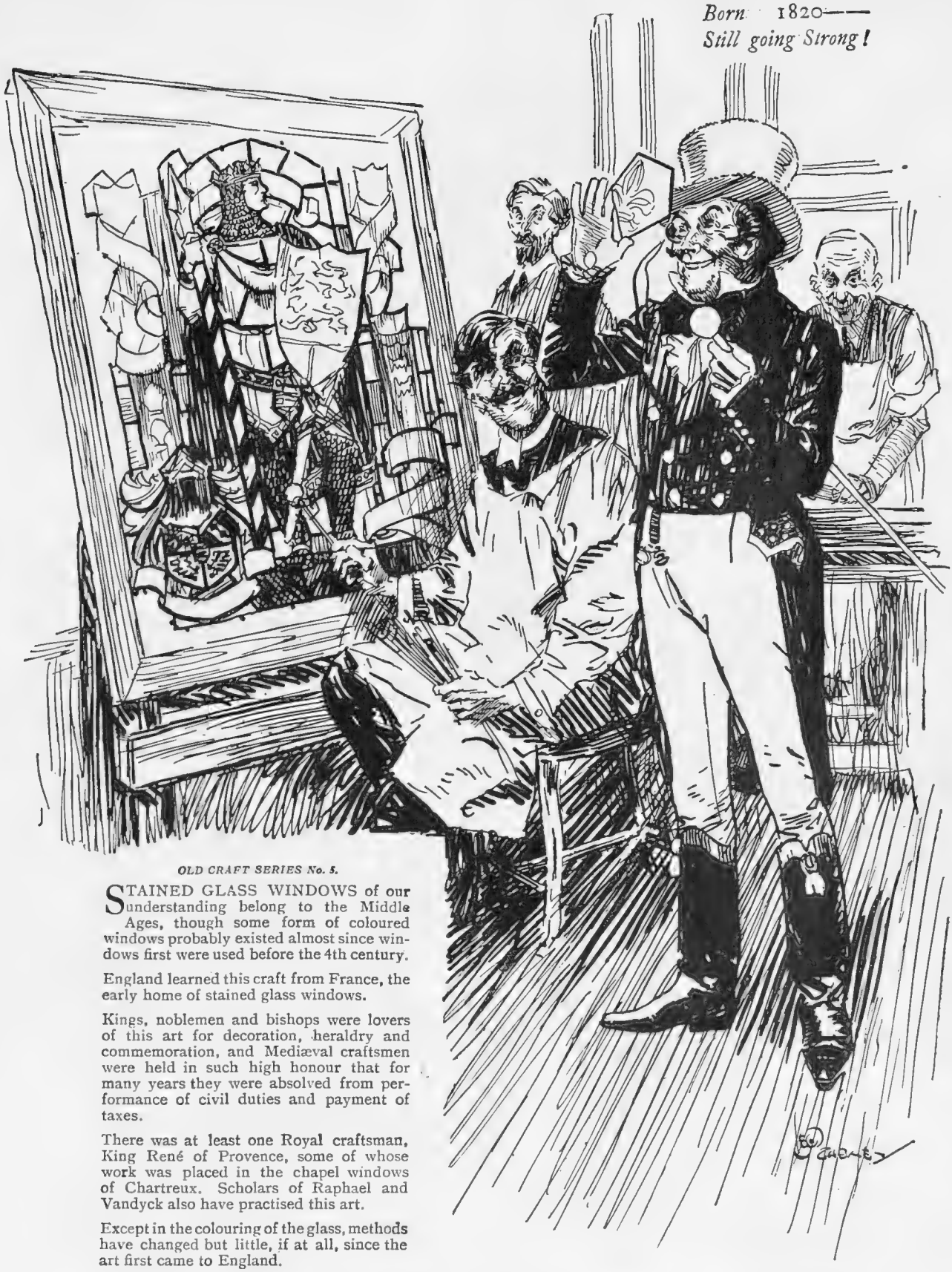
MISS B. C. CUMMINS, Sion House, Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

MISS LAMBERT, 78, Palace Court, London, W. 2.

MISS QUEENIE JACKSON, 3, Templeton Place, Earl's Court, S.W. 5.

MISS MARGARET L. DAVIDSON, 49, Glasgow Road, Perth.

MISS E. HEARNDEN, Cavendish Lodge, Sutton, Surrey.



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 5.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS of our understanding belong to the Middle Ages, though some form of coloured windows probably existed almost since windows first were used before the 4th century.

England learned this craft from France, the early home of stained glass windows.

Kings, noblemen and bishops were lovers of this art for decoration, heraldry and commemoration, and Mediæval craftsmen were held in such high honour that for many years they were absolved from performance of civil duties and payment of taxes.

There was at least one Royal craftsman, King René of Provence, some of whose work was placed in the chapel windows of Chartreux. Scholars of Raphael and Vandyck also have practised this art.

Except in the colouring of the glass, methods have changed but little, if at all, since the art first came to England.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

WHEN SEAS DIVIDE

KENNEL USES. By "THE KENNELMAN"

My letter-bag shows that numbers of readers of these Notes have their homes set far and far across the seas; not alone on beaches lapped by the Mediterranean and to be reached by trains of luxury from Charing Cross, but at addresses which wind up with "N.Z.," "S.A.," "F.M.S.," "B.C.," "Ont.," and less familiar signs associated with quarters to which there certainly ain't no buses running. Many of them are keen to get Dogs from "Home," and some are debarred therefrom solely by one consideration—cost.

"These pups would stand me in not less than £75 apiece by the time they reached my kennels, including freight, insurance, and all the infernal incidentals. No can do—not this year, anyhow. Perhaps it could be managed a bit cheaper when I get my next leave."

That's typical; and it's hard to suggest a remedy. As things go, our breeders' prices are reasonable; their stock is undoubtedly the finest in the world; but—"the infernal incidentals" do remorselessly tot up, and they do grievously hamper a desirable and healthy doggy activity: the export of sound British stock. Kennelman has but one piece of advice to offer the oversea reader in this connection, based on the happy outworking of one or two cases in which he has gladly lent a hand. It's this:

Having decided to write to a given breeder, do so frankly. Take him into your confidence, friendly-wise. Tell him your aims, hopes, and—your financial limitations. Ask if he can help you out from start to finish; transport, *banderbast* and everything. Nine out of ten of our breeders are real good sorts, and, given your confidence, will treat you sportingly and well; even to the length of making nothing on a first deal, in the hope, maybe, of a more profitable transaction—which it will be up to you to give them, if possible—later on. Also, they may know a bit more than you about how to keep down the "infernal incidentals."

"The family already includes the dearest old Gordon Setter, a lordly young buck of an Alsatian, and an elderly maiden Dandie who mothers and severely bosses the pair of them. To these are now to be added a Cocker, to oblige a friend, and an Irish Wolfhound, to please ourselves. Will it hurt their feelings if we introduce them to an old range of kennels, not to *live* in, but to spend some time in, occasionally?"

The answer is distinctly in the negative—providing the kennels are what they should be, as the words "an old range" suggests. A "range" of three, six or more kennels, such as the established manufacturers have been turning out during the past three decades, put into and kept in good condition, will form a quite popular resort and sanctuary, even for a canine family bred exclusively to house life.

Dogs, like men, appreciate dens; places of their very own to retire to on occasion. Having such quarters, it's no bad plan to use them as refectories. Let the house Dogs feed there, and nowhere else; let bones be discussed there. The interludes spent there will add zest and pleasure both to exercise in the open, and to the longer interludes of social intercourse indoors. If the kennels stand in a secure enclosure, so much the better; their gates can be left open. If not, an adequate run is easy to contrive, either with well-staked wire-netting of fine mesh, or the orthodox type of iron kennel railing, or split chestnut sapling-and-wire fencing. Good kennels are useful adjuncts to the home, whether your canine family is small or large, and no matter how free to come and go in the house.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
OF OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

The Pearl Caste

CRUDE NUDITIES

By H. Dennis Bradley

TRUTH occasionally should be unveiled, if only to make certain of her identity.

Therefore this is no cultured literary essay, decorated with polished cynicisms. It is a blatant statement of crude fact, bludgeoned out without even the emotion of a blush.

The tailoring business of the House of Pope and Bradley is unique; amongst businesses of the first class it is easily the greatest and most successful in Europe. Income Tax assessments talk.

By reason of its scientific organisation, its prices are guineas cheaper than those of other tailoring houses of a like status—if, indeed, there are others of as high a status. This House does not care one iota whether its rivals charge more or less; it works on a basis of the highest quality, and a fixed margin of profit.

Middle-class snobs, war profiteers, the Newest Rich, imagine that by paying more they secure something better. And trading liars and sycophants encourage this snobbery. But the minority male may comfort himself with the reflection that matters are infinitely worse in the women's trade. It is possible to pay fifty guineas for a Paris model in one shop, and to be charged thirty for identically the same in another.

The success of the House of Pope and Bradley is very easily explained.

It is essentially a "one man business," under the supreme control and direction of an individual, who can and does insist upon his ideas being carried out. The material used is the finest in the world. The cutters are masters of their difficult craft—good cutters are amazingly rare; the number of absolutely first-class artists available would astonish the layman, and competition to obtain their services is keen — and more important than all, the styles of the garments are designed by an artist who leads, but declines to follow.

It is a pleasant little compliment that all the designs in men's dress initiated by the House of Pope and Bradley in the last decade have been slavishly copied by Savile Row. The net profits of this House are under 10 per cent. on its productions. If Savile Row prices were charged the controlling director would be making an added £50,000 a year, and if Fifth Avenue prices were charged, his income would be increased by £250,000. But even so he could not eat, drink, sleep, live or love any more.

This advertisement is so true that it is aggressively nude. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Overcoats from £7 7s 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

St. James's Day. St. James's Day marked the beginning of the oyster season in London. On that day poor children made it a custom to build grottos of oyster shells, in the hope of inducing passers-by to throw a copper.

It's a wise old custom to take a peg of John Begg!

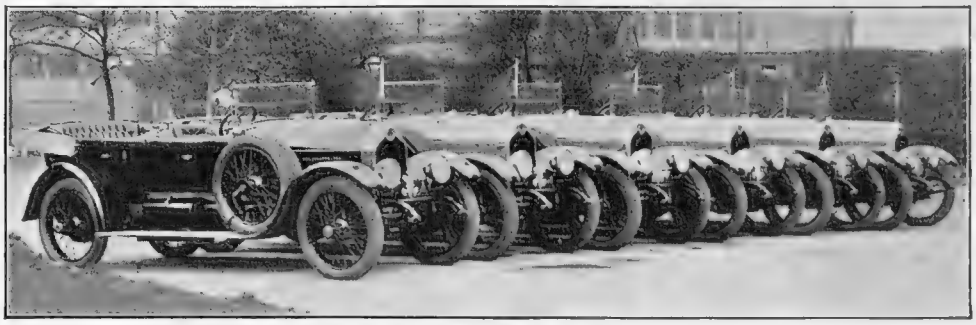
By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

MOTOR NOTES

BY GEORGE C. STEAD



A FLEET OF THE FLEET

The fleet of Crossley cars which will accompany the Prince of Wales on his South African tour. They are fitted with Rapson tyres, and Wakefield oil will be used with them

I would advise every motorist who has to make use of the West End to go and see the new Poland Street Garage which has recently been opened in Poland Street, W.1. A unique feature of this building is the fact that no lifts are used to communicate with the different floors. Although cars can be stored on each floor, access is obtained from floor to floor by inclined ramps. Thus, on entering the building one can drive from the floor level to the roof, and can also leave one's car in position where it will remain until called for. No cars are allowed to stand in the alley ways and thus there should be no congestion whatever the number of cars, and the driver will be able either to put his car in or take it out once more without any delay. Accommodation is available at present for some five hundred cars.

* * *

One does not usually associate such a speedy car as the 30/98 h.p. Vauxhall with a closed body, but the vagaries of the English climate have caused several motorists who desire speed and closed car comfort to request the makers to supply this car in closed form. Several have been turned out with every success. The Weymann type of body is used owing to its flexibility, lightness, and silence. I took one of these cars out the other day and conclusively proved that the speed had only suffered very slightly. There was the same instant acceleration as with the open car, the same easy control, and excellent steering, and the same flexible springing. The comfort provided by the closed body was practically ideal. With the possible exception of the passenger's folding seat I have rarely sat in such comfortable seats. The protection provided is, of course, excellent.

* * *

Motorists who find the ordinary form of motor racing rather tame, should make a point of visiting Brooklands on Saturday, May 2. The Junior Car Club is holding what they term a high-speed motor reliability trial, in which the track itself and many of the private roads surrounding it will be made use of. After passing round the track in the reverse direction, the competitors will dive through the tunnel under the track, afterwards crossing the Members' Bridge and whizzing down the Test Hill on to the finishing straight. They will continue doing this until they have completed approximately 100 miles. In order to qualify for an award each car must exceed a certain minimum speed which ranges from 35 m.p.h. to 45 m.p.h., according to the class. A most thrilling afternoon's sport should be provided as acceleration, braking, and ease of control will all be tested, in addition to actual speed.

* * *

An entirely new design of Chevrolet has recently been introduced. While it retains the excellent features of the previous model, numerous modifications and improvements have been introduced to make the car more powerful, more economical and more comfortable. The most obvious alteration is that semi-elliptic springs are now fitted both at the front and the rear. A new type of frame is fitted,

(Continued on page 70)

The new Buick at a far lower price

General Motors, Ltd., announce immediate price reductions of the 1925 Buick

20 hp
SIX CYLINDER

Chassis	£290
2-seater with dickey	£355
5-seater "Majestic" Tourer	£355
4-seater Coupé	£480
5-seater Saloon	£498

27 hp
SIX CYLINDER

Chassis	£355
7-seater "Monarch" Tourer	£475
"Piccadilly" 2-seater with dickey	£480
"Regent" 5-seater Tourer	£495
7-seater Saloon	£675
Imperial Limousine (enclosed drive)	£715

Above prices are ex Works and apply to Great Britain and Ulster only

All models are finished in the new Du Pont process, which is practically indestructible and is not affected by grit, mud, tar, heat or rain, but actually improves with age and use

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED, Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9

Your local dealer will give you full particulars of the range, also General Motors' deferred payment system. Write for his name and address

B.P. 4

BUICK

A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO
for those of cultivated taste.

GOLD BLOCK
CUT PLUG

1-oz. Packet 1/3½
2-oz. Packet 2/7.
¼-lb. Tin 5/2

GB27.

THE
BLUE ROOM

IS NOW OPEN AT THE

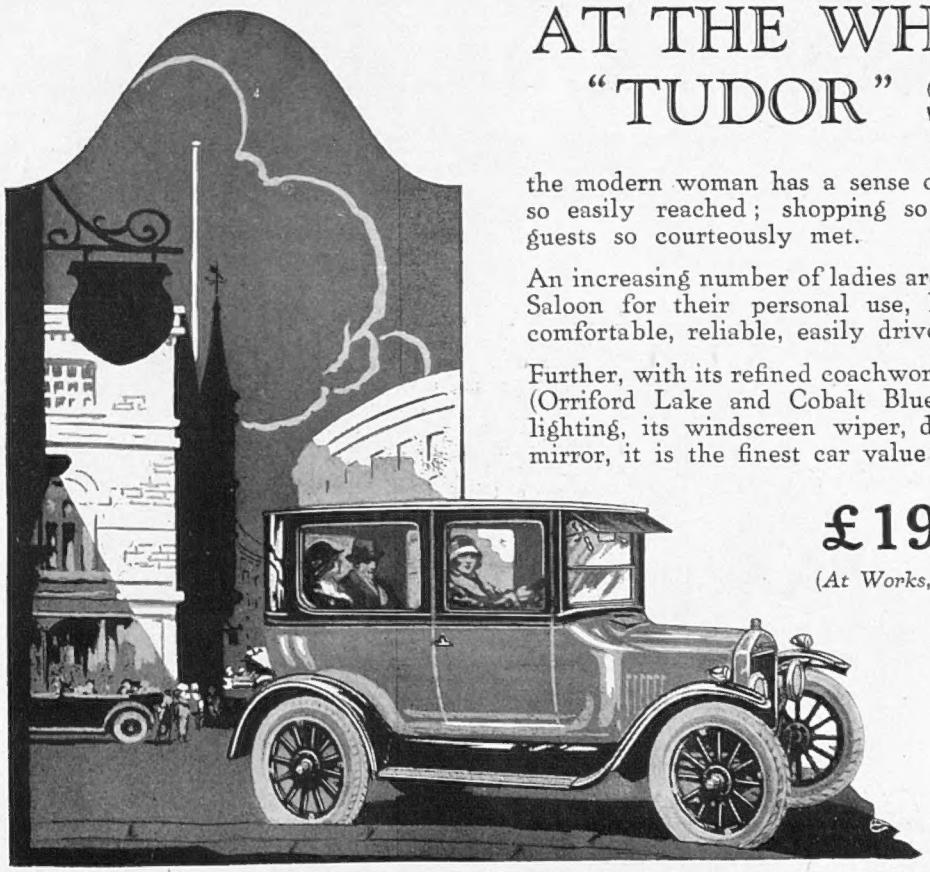
MAISON ROSS

FOR THE DISPLAY OF

READY-TO-WEAR GOWNS AND COATS

THE
EARLY SPRING COLLECTION
IS ALSO ON VIEW

19 & 20 GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., W.1



AT THE WHEEL OF A "TUDOR" SALOON

the modern woman has a sense of freedom; the countryside so easily reached; shopping so delightfully accomplished; guests so courteously met.

An increasing number of ladies are selecting the Ford "Tudor" Saloon for their personal use, because it is weatherproof, comfortable, reliable, easily driven and maintained.

Further, with its refined coachwork, its choice of body colours (Orriford Lake and Cobalt Blue), its electric starting and lighting, its windscreen wiper, dashboard lamp, and driving mirror, it is the finest car value in the world.

£190 *Nett*
(At Works, Manchester)

The Nearest Authorised Ford Dealer will show you this delightful model

Ford

FORD MOTOR CO. (England) LTD.
TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

P4

giving a lower position, while modifications have also been made in the front and rear axles. Of particular interest is the special Dupont finish to the coachwork. This has many distinctive features, and is claimed to be indestructible and unaffected by anything in the nature of mud, oil, water, etc. It provides a hard glossy finish, which I understand is very hard and very difficult to scratch.

* *
*

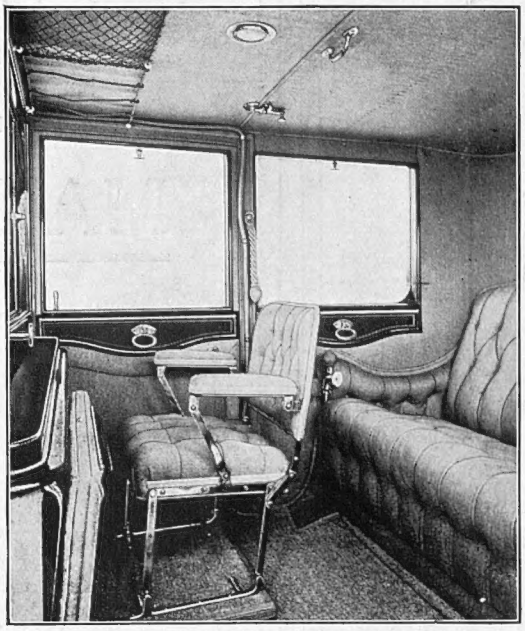
THE longest flight ever accomplished by a single aeroplane must be the 17,000-mile journey made by Vice Air-Marshal Sir W. Sefton Brancker and Mr. Alan J. Cobham to Rangoon and back on a D.H. 50 aeroplane with a Siddeley "Puma" engine. This achievement is certainly another feather in the cap of Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd.

* *
*

I HAVE just got news of an excellent performance put up by a 15.9 h.p. Hotchkiss in the recent Turbie Hill climb. This car made fastest time in the 2/3 litre class, also fastest time in the kilometre standing start, and in the kilometre flying start and standing stop. Owing, however, to closed cars having a ten per cent reduction made off their times, the Hotchkiss was only awarded second place in the two latter events.

* *
*

THE Morris is easily the most popular British car on the road. It is rather surprising, when this is taken into consideration, that hitherto no special handbook devoted exclusively to this make has been issued. This lack has now been filled by Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., who have just published *The Handbook of the Morris Car*, price 2*s.* 3*d.* post free. I am very pleased with this book as it explains simply yet exhaustively the principles of the Morris cars. Every Morris owner should have one; it will be a great help.



PICTORIAL INSIDE INFORMATION

The above illustration shows the luxurious and comfortable seating accommodation to be found in the 15-20 h.p. Fiat landaulet

I HAD a most annoying experience recently on a cold and frosty night. I was coming up to London in a big open car when it suddenly appeared to me as if my headlights were getting dimmer and dimmer. Further investigation showed that it was the frost depositing on the screen and gradually shutting out the light. No screen-wiper was fitted, and I had to stop at intervals and mop up the screen with a rag. The annoying thing was that when passing through towns, the warmer air there melted the frost, but as soon as I got on the open road again, the screen got dimmer and dimmer. Sometimes the frost was on the inside and sometimes on the outside of the glass, so I was very pleased indeed when I finally got to the garage.

* *
*

IN these days of electric starters most of us have forgotten how to use a starting handle. This struck me particularly the other day when I had to start a big engine which had been standing overnight in a frosty garage. The starter, although efficient under ordinary circumstances, could only turn over the big engine at a microscopic rate of speed with the pistons all gummy. I made diligent search for the starting handle but could not find it, and finally I had to be towed by another car in order to start the engine. Later I discovered the starting handle, and the next morning had much healthy exercise in winding the engine with intermittent assistance from the self-starter.

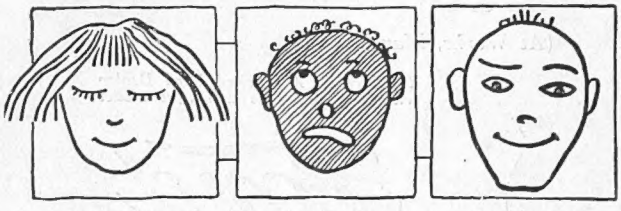
The Three Hy-dro-car-bons

A Serial Story

CHAPTER II

YOU have already met the three Hy-dro-car-bons, A-ro-mat-ic, Par-af-fin and Naph-thene. Sorry they've such dull names, but the chemists introduced them to us—and you can't argue with chemists—can you?

This family is a very old one indeed. The ancient Chinese used hy-dro-car-bons as medicine; and in the 7th century the Japanese called them "burning waters." To-day the family is well known in motoring circles.



A-RO-MAT-IC PAR-AF-FIN NAPH-THENE

By carefully following this short "serial" story, motorists who have long been aware of Shell superiority, may now know the real reason of its predominance.

(Watch for Chapter III)

SHELL-MEX, LTD., LONDON

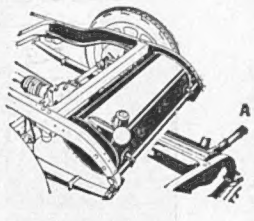
Quality Features

BEAN

Why you should Buy a Bean

Series No. 3 — *The Tank and Petrol System.*

The Petrol Tank of the Bean Car is large and conveniently placed at the rear of the car. Petrol is conveyed to the engine by the Autovac system and a temperature connector is fitted to the Smith Carburettor. A petrol gauge which can be read at a glance is incorporated in the Tank, and another feature of particular note is the extensible filler (A). By means of this the 12-gallon tank can be filled when the luggage rack is in use without removing luggage. In the event of damage the petrol tank may quickly be detached without disturbing other components, and the petrol system is withal a "quality feature" worthy of the quality car in which it is incorporated.



The "Twelve" from £298.
The "Fourteen" from £395.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

Bean

A. HARPER SONS & BEAN LTD.,
Head Office and Works: DUDLEY, Worcs.

London Showrooms: 11a Regent Street, S.W.1.
'Phone: Gerrard 7672-3.
Export Dept.: 4a Cambridge St., Edgware Rd., W. 2.
'Phone: Gerrard 7674-5.

"THE MILESTONES KNOW"

"Scotland's best is the World's best"

The 15·9 "Arrol-Johnston" Touring Car

THIS popular "Arrol-Johnston" model is a revelation in value. It provides perfect riding comfort for five grown-ups, and, in the words of a user it "pulls like a 20 h.p." Read this brief Specification :—

Open flushed-sided body to accommodate five persons, with adjustable front seat and four wide doors. Painted "Arrol-Johnston" brown, upholstered in hand-buffed antique real leather. Includes Cape Cart hood with all-weather curtains to open with doors, hood envelope, folding glass wind-screen, rear wind-screen, 5 Dunlop steel spoke wheels, **Dunlop Cord Low Pressure Tyres**, C.A.V. Lighting and Starting, Electric horn, Clock, Speedometer.

£425

delivered at works

Arrol-Johnston CARS

12 h.p. 15.9 h.p. 20 h.p.
Prices £360 to £650
(with Dunlop Tyres)

Local Trial Runs on Request. Full particulars from:
ARROL-JOHNSTON, Ltd., DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND.

AJ 57c

IT'S a new hat; but how different from hundreds of others equally new. In colour and shape and comfort of fit, it is exactly right. Already it seems a part of yourself—intimate and friendly; while for wear—its style and elegance through many months of service is ensured—it's a Battersby.

There's a Battersby just right for you.

Battersby HATS

FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters

In standard qualities, 20/-, 25/-, 30/-

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., STOCKPORT

Give Him an EASTER GIFT He will appreciate.

The Firmaband TIE Regd

THE BEST TIE MADE

The Original "Firmaband" double-life Necktie is *woven on the straight*, ensuring a firm band. It is made from *heavy pure Macclesfield Silk* and is *unlined*. There are two equal ends.

6/6

for an Ideal Tie

Sample Tie **6/6** (3 for **18/6**). Sent in any shade. Cash must accompany order. Ties exchanged or money refunded if not satisfactory. We pay postage.

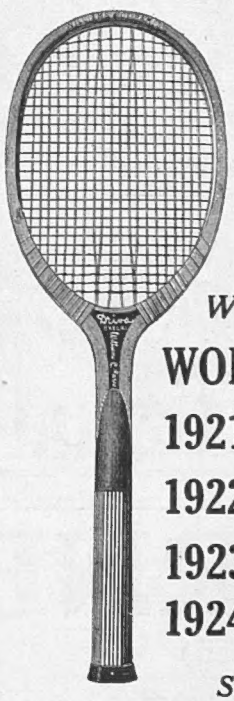
Every "Firmaband" Tie is guaranteed *not* to stretch or twist. Our confidence in recommending this tie is supported by letters of appreciation received from all parts of the world. Note our Registered Trade Mark on every tie, which is our guarantee of quality. Write now for patterns and booklet to Sole Makers :—

ABBEY REID & HOLDEN, Ltd.,
68, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER (our Only Address)

"DRIVA" *(Exela)*
LAWN TENNIS RACKET.

Manufactured by

WILLIAMS & Co. PARIS.



World Renowned for—
Excellence of Materials,
Evenness of Tension,
Perfection of Balance
and the
Splendid Results Obtained.

Used by leading Players throughout the World.

Won with the "Driva" (Exela)

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS

1921	3	out of	5	(Hard Courts)
	2	,, ,,	5	(Wimbledon)
1922	4	,, ,,	5	(Hard Courts)
	3	,, ,,	5	(Wimbledon)
1923	3	,, ,,	5	(Hard Courts)
	3	,, ,,	5	(Wimbledon)
1924	MEN'S SINGLES			(Wimbledon)

Sold by all Sports Outfitters.

HANAN & SON

MAKERS OF UNUSUALLY BEAUTIFUL SHOES

HOSIERY in all the latest shades.

Fawn Lizard, Brown Suede back.

70/-

Patent or Tan Calf.

63/-

203, REGENT STREET *Telephone: Mayfair 1839.*

328, OXFORD STREET *Telephone: Mayfair 3417.*

W.1

ROWLANDS'

is an absolute necessity

MACASSAR OIL

for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, London.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Quickly removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and other Disorders of the Skin; makes it soft as velvet, adds the charm of youth to the complexion and will keep it in perfect condition all the year round.

Sizes: **2/6** and **5/-**

Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS,** London.

Highland as the Heather!

Checked Hose

—in finest Cashmere Wool, soft and light, are excellent for Spring and Summer wear. They have this smart overcheck design and colourings to go with all Sports Suits. Sizes 9, 9½ and 10.

Price Post Free **12/9**

Buckle Strap Brogues in Black or Tan Post Free **45/9**

CHALMERS OBAN

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son
Distillers, LEITH.
Established 1863

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

There's a GUARANTEE OF PURITY on every package.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP
CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW
9d. Ball will clean large carpet. Sold everywhere. Sample 2d. stamp.
Chivers, 74 Albany Works, Bath

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.
J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

LUCERNE

(Switzerland)

HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF

GOLF — 18 HOLES. *STRICTLY FIRST CLASS* *O. HAUSER, Prop.*